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The Riverside Literature Series

THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS

1787–1900

EDITED BY

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Editor of The Little Book of Modern Verse

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PREFACE

The Little Book of American Poets is designed as a companion volume to *The Little Book of Modern Verse*, the former covering the nineteenth century as the latter covers the twentieth. Each volume is complete in itself, but together they form a compendium of American poetry from the period of Philip Freneau to the present.

It is not the scheme of the volume to make a detailed survey of American verse, since Stedman and others have done this in collections which still remain authoritative, but rather to garner those poems which time has winnowed from the mass, to present in compact form some of the finer and more enduring things in our poetic literature.

It must be remembered that the technique of poetry changes and that work excellent, even supreme, in its own period, may not meet the standard of ours. Such a standard, however, should not be applied to it. Any art must be judged as the expression of its time, by its value as interpreting the age which produced it. Form changes less, perhaps, from period to period, than the vision, the spirit of the age. The poet of to-day is concerned with themes unknown to the poet of yesterday. The subject-matter of poetry has, indeed, undergone so radical a change that it will be interesting to note the diversity in content of *The Little Book of American Poets* and *The Little Book of Modern Verse*.

To represent the nineteenth century more ade-

quately, several poets included in the former collection, whose work has fallen almost equally within the two periods, are repeated in this volume. The selections, however, are distinct. Preference in space in this collection has naturally been given to those not included in the other, and if the representation of any contemporary poet seem inadequate, it will be found that his work is much more fully presented in *The Little Book of Modern Verse*.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

August, 1915.

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THE TEST

I hung my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;
These the siroc could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light.
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow;
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SONG OF THYRSIS

The turtle on yon withered bough,
That lately mourned her murdered mate,
Has found another comrade now —
Such changes all await!
Again her drooping plume is drest,
Again she's willing to be blest
And takes her lover to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so
With all above, and all below,
Let us like them forget our woe,
And not be killed with sorrow.
If I should quit your arms to-night
And chance to die before 't was light,
I would advise you — and you might —
Love again to-morrow.

Philip Freneau.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands; —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit, —
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer — a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

Philip Freneau.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,

And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
Where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

ELEGIAC

O, IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending!
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye, —
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending, —
Glory that never shall fade, never, O never, away!

O, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears. They crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

O, then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

James Gates Percival.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

MY CHILD

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear:
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find — that he is there!

John Pierpont.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
Why o'er the waves dost fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail, —
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge —
The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulcher and pall,
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells, —
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring

Thy spirit nevermore.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

Richard Henry Dana.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list

To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: —

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:

Yet not unmeet was it that one like that young friend
of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

William Cullen Bryant.

A HEALTH

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears

The image of themselves by turns, —
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

SONG

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some belovèd health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems, — thy words.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BACCHUS

Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true, —
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven
Draw everlasting dew;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms, and mold of statures,
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun,
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruiting,
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is, —
Music and wine are one, —
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;
Kings unborn shall walk with me,
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.
I thank the joyful juice
For all I know; —
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lote!
Haste to cure the old despair; —
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched;
Give them again to shine;
Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the agèd prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below, —
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?

Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise, —
The Book itself before me lies, —
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail: —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, — fault of novel germs, —
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,

Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the Gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MONTEREY

We were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day —
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an indistinguishable roar.

So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire, —
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,
The ocean roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray,

For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
  His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
  The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
  A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
  And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
  Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
  Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
  I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
  A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
  I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
  The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:
  I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
  And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
  Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate, — I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
  If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MY PLAYMATE

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
  Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
  Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
  The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
  It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
  My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
  The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
  She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
  Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
  The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
  But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
  Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
  And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
  Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
  Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
  She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
  I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
  The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
  The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
  The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
  The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow,
And there in spring the veeries sing
A song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night, —
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Webster

ICHABOD

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
  Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
  Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
  From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
  In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
  Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
  Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
  The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
  The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
  To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
  And hide the shame!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ISRAFEL

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
  "Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,

And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
  Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
  In her highest noon,
  The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
  While, to listen, the red levin
  (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
  Which were seven)
  Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
  And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
  By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
  Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love's a grown-up god —
  Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
  Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
  Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
  Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Edgar Allan Poe

THE VALLEY OF UNREST

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.

Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless —
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye —
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave: — from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep: — from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

Edgar Allan Poe.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine —
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!" — but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
"No more — no more — no more —"*
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Edgar Allan Poe

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Edgar Allan Poe.

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

If thy sad heart, pining for human love,
In its earth solitude grew dark with fear,
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should prove
Powerless to save from that phantasmal sphere
Wherein thy spirit wandered, — if the flowers
That pressed around thy feet, seemed but to bloom
In lone Gethsemanes, through starless hours,
When all who loved had left thee to thy doom, —
Oh, yet believe that in that hollow vale
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall avail
To lift its burden of remorseful pain,
My soul shall meet thee, and its Heaven forego
Till God's great love, on both, one hope, one Heaven bestow.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;

Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
  Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
  The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
  Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
  His fancy as they grew.

Here with brows bared to heaven,
  In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
  Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
  Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
  And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
  And hopeless vale of Dis,
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
  The dolorous abyss.

Poor, mad, but not defiant,
  He touched at heaven and hell.

Fate found a rare soul pliant
  And wrung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir,
  Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
  Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
  No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were finely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
  With his unfinished days.

Here through this lonely portal,
  Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
  The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
  Here cenotaphed his fame.

John Henry Boner.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
  Sails the unshadowed main, —
  The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmama has said, —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree,
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GNOSIS

Thought is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

Christopher Pearse Cranch

A DEATH-BED

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.

James Aldrich

YOURSELF

'T is to yourself I speak; you cannot know
Him whom I call in speaking such a one,
For you beneath the earth lie buried low,
Which he, alone, as living walks upon.
You may at times have heard him speak to you,
And often wished perchance that you were he;

And I must ever wish that it were true,
For then you could hold fellowship with me:
But now you hear us talk as strangers, met
Above the room wherein you lie abed;
A word perhaps loud spoken you may get,
Or hear our feet when heavily they tread;
But he who speaks, or he who 's spoken to,
Must both remain as strangers still to you.

Jones Very.

THE IDLER

I IDLE stand that I may find employ,
Such as my Master when He comes will give;
I cannot find in mine own work my joy,
But wait, although in waiting I must live;
My body shall not turn which way it will,
But stand till I the appointed road can find,
And journeying so his messages fulfil,
And do at every step the work designed.
Enough for me, still day by day to wait
Till Thou who formest me findest me too a task,
A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,
Content for the few crumbs I get to ask,
A laborer but in heart, while bound my hands
Hang idly down still waiting thy commands.

Jones Very.

MY PRAYER

GREAT God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated thy designs.

Henry David Thoreau.

INSPIRATION

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it, —

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse forever wear, —
Time cannot bend the line which God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;

I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life;
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,
'T is peace's end, and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall, or some chance place,
Unseasoning time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young, and wooes me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

Henry David Thoreau.

SMOKE

Light-winged Smoke! Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

Henry David Thoreau.

THOREAU

Who nearer Nature's life would truly come
Must nearest come to him of whom I speak;
He all kinds knew, — the vocal and the dumb;
Masterful in genius was he, and unique,
Patient, sagacious, tender, frolicsome.
This Concord Pan would oft his whistle take,
And forth from wood and fen, field, hill, and lake,
Trooping around him in their several guise,
The shy inhabitants their haunts forsake:
Then he, like Æsop, man would satirize,
Hold up the image wild to clearest view
Of undiscerning manhood's puzzled eyes,
And mocking say, "Lo! mirrors here for you:
Be true as these, if ye would be more wise."

Amos Bronson Alcott.

THOREAU'S FLUTE

We, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him: —
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands;

Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, — he is with thee."

Louisa May Alcott.

TEARS IN SPRING

(LAMENT FOR THOREAU)

THE swallow is flying over,
But he will not come to me;
He flits, my daring rover,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
Where hot Bermuda's reef
Its barrier lifts to fortify the shore,

Above the surf's wild roar
He darts as swiftly o'er, —
But he who heard his cry of spring
Hears that no more, heeds not his wing.

How bright the skies that dally
Along day's cheerful arch,
And paint the sunset valley!
How redly buds the larch!
Blackbirds are singing,
Clear hylas ringing,
Over the meadow the frogs proclaim
The coming of Spring to boy and dame,
But not to me, —
Nor thee!

And golden crowfoot's shining near,
Spring everywhere that shoots 't is clear,
A wail in the wind is all I hear;
A voice of woe for a lover's loss,
A motto for a travelling cross, —
And yet it is mean to mourn for thee,
In the form of bird or blossom or bee.

Cold are the sods of the valley to-day
Where thou art sleeping,
That took thee back to thy native clay;
Cold, — if above thee the grass is peeping
And the patient sunlight creeping,
While the bluebird sits on the locust-bough
Whose shadow is painted across thy brow,
And carols his welcome so sad and sweet
To the Spring that comes and kisses his feet.

William Ellery Channing.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven; —
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps; —
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays; —
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

James Russell Lowell.

MY LOVE

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise:
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true

Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Seems following its own wayward will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

James Russell Lowell.

COMMEMORATION ODE

I

Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,

And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good:
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates:
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
Into War's tumult rude;
But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood
In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks beneath
The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,

Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
  Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
  With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
    Many in sad faith sought for her,
    Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
    But these, our brothers, fought for her,
    At life's dear peril wrought for her,
    So loved her that they died for her,
    Tasting the raptured fleetness
    Of her divine completeness:
      Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
    They followed her and found her
    Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
    Where faith made whole with deed
    Breathes its awakening breath
    Into the lifeless creed,
    They saw her plumed and mailed,
    With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
  Into the silent hollow of the past;
    What is there that abides

To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.
Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that can leaven
Our earthly dullness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;

A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate years.

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed

Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
  Life may be given in many ways,
  And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
    So bountiful is Fate;
    But then to stand beside her,
    When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
    This shows, methinks, God's plan
    And measure of a stalwart man,
    Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI

    Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
    Whom late the Nation he had led,
    With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
      Nature, they say, doth dote,
      And cannot make a man
      Save on some worn-out plan,
      Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory

Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood;
Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above

All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we inwreathe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine them, sear.
What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best; —
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

IX

But is there hope to save
Even this ethereal essence from the grave?
What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong
Save a few clarion names, or golden threads of song?
Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Disvoicëd now and insubstantial things,
As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
And many races, nameless long ago,
To darkness driven by that imperious gust
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:
O visionary world, condition strange,
Where naught abiding is but only Change,

Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still shift
and range!
Shall we to more continuance make pretence?
Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;
And, bit by bit,
The cunning years steal all from us but woe;
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.
But, when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
Save to make green their little length of sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?
Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless: but the Soul resents
Such short-lived service, as if blind events
Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;
She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;
Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;
Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
And her clear trump sings succor everywhere
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;
For soul inherits all that soul could dare:
Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man.
The single deed, the private sacrifice,
So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,
Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years;
But that high privilege that makes all men peers,
That leap of heart whereby a people rise

Up to a noble anger's height,
And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow more bright,
That swift validity in noble veins,
Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all contact base
But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
These are imperishable gains,
Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
These hold great futures in their lusty reins
And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace
Our lines to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
They flit across the ear:
That is best blood that hath most iron in 't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'T is no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, a-dance with triumph, bend your staves!
And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful shore.
No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

James Russell Lowell.

AUSPEX

My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days to fill it,
Instead of lark or linnet,
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,
Without the passion stronger
That skyward longs and sings, —
Woe 's me, I shall be lonely

When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,
Like birds the brown leaves hover;
But it will not be long
Before their wild confusion
Fall wavering down to cover
The poet and his song.

James Russell Lowell.

SONG

O BIRD, thou dartest to the sun,
When morning beams first spring,
And I, like thee, would swiftly run;
As sweetly would I sing.
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
Unto the source of fire;
Thou drinkest from its glowing cup
And quenchest thy desire.

O dew, thou droppest soft below,
And pearlest all the ground,
Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thou never canst be found.
I would like thine had been my birth;
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep the night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

O clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,

While moon and stars your fold can keep
And gently shepherd you,
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new-shorn fleeces white.

O singing winds, that wander far,
Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and star
Along the bending dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
That sing so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free,
And bird, and dew, and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Oh, would like theirs had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

Maria White Lowell.

GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The twilight faint and pale
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and, turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'T is done.

"Thus much is saved from chance and change,
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much — how little! — from the range
Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay, —
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live, —
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When this quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,

And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,

"This senseless stone, so coldly fair,
That love nor life can warm,
The same enchanting look shall wear,
The same enchanting form.

"Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;
Its beauty age shall spare
The bitterness of vanished joy,
The wearing waste of care.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
'So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved!'"

William Wetmore Story.

ON A BUST OF DANTE

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide —
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumae's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine —

When hell he peopled with his foes,
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

Thomas William Parsons.

DIRGE

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Plant the lordly pine upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel," — whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station, —
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,

Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,

And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death — bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

George Henry Boker.

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story, —
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle, —
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her, —
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies, —
O'erveiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows; —
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE CLOSING SCENE

Within his sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew, —
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before, —
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung —

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year; —

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east, —
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow, — he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume, —
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords, — but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped, — her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene; —
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortressed house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks — from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a whisper
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love.)

Walt Whitman.

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed wandered alone, bare-headed, barefoot,
Down from the showered halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,

Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-
bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes, my brother, I know, —
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding.
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with
the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the
sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,

And again another behind embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging — O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,
Surely you must know who is here, is here,
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give me my mate back again if you only would,
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols!

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither, my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere:
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly! uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous echoing,
With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul)
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer, louder and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me, never to die.

O you singers solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there aroused, the fire, the sweet hell within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.
O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere)
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it)
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up — what is it? — I listen;

Are you whispering it, and have been all the time,
you sea-waves?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?
Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night, and very plainly
before daybreak,
Lisped to me the low and delicious word death,
And again death, death, death, death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my
aroused child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me, rustling at my
feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me
softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's
gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my
feet,
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed
in sweet garments, bending aside)
The sea whispered me.

Walt Whitman

DEATH CAROL

(From "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed")

COME, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love — But praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee — I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!
When it is so — when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee — adornments and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky, are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled Death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
Over the rising and sinking waves — over the myriad fields, and the prairies wide;
Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

Walt Whitman.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,
Give me a field where the unmowed grass grows,
Give me an arbor, give me the trellised grape,
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals teaching content,
Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars,
Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturbed,
Give me for marriage a sweet-breathed woman of whom I should never tire,
Give me a perfect child, give me, away aside from the noise of the world, a rural domestic life,

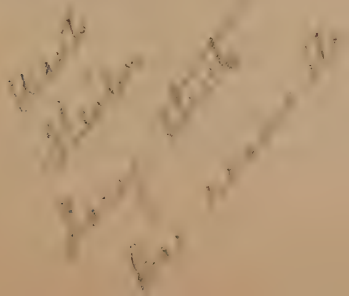
Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for my own ears only,
Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O Nature your primal sanities!

These demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless excitement, and racked by the war-strife)
These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries from my heart,
While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city
Day upon day and year upon year, O city, walking your streets,
Where you hold me enchained a certain time refusing to give me up,
Yet giving to make me glutted, enriched of soul, you give me forever faces;
(O I see what I ought to escape, confronting, reversing my cries,
I see my own soul trampling down what it asked for.)

Keep your splendid silent sun,
Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods,
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your cornfields and orchards,
Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the Ninth-month bees hum;
Give me faces and streets — give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs!
Give me interminable eyes — give me women — give me comrades and lovers by the thousand!
Let me see new ones every day — let me hold new ones by the hand every day!

Give me such shows — give me the streets of Manhattan!
Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching — give me the sound of the trumpets and drums!
(The soldiers in companies or regiments — some starting away flushed and reckless,
Some, their time up, returning with thinned ranks, young, yet very old, worn, marching, noticing nothing;)
Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with black ships!
O such for me! O an intense life, full to repletion and varied!
The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!
The saloon of the steamer! The crowded excursion for me! The torchlight procession!
The dense brigade bound for the war, with high-piled military wagons following;
People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants,
Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with beating drums as now,
The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets (even the sight of the wounded),
Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus!
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

Walt Whitman.



A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER

A NOISELESS, patient spider,
I marked, where, on a little promontory, it stood isolated;
Marked how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them — ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, — seeking the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be formed — till the ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

Walt Whitman.

THE SNOWING OF THE PINES

SOFTER than silence, stiller than still air
Float down from high pine-boughs the slender leaves.
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
High up, the crows are gathering for the night;

The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snow-flakes drop as lightly — snows on snows.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE TRUMPETER

I BLEW, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding;
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrong,
And men stood forth to conquer at the song —
I blew! I blew! I blew!

The field is won, the minstrels loud are crying,
And all the world is peace, and I am dying.
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain;
Enough if I alone recall the strain,
I blew! I blew! I blew!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BLACKBIRD

ONE on another against the wall
Pile up the books, — I am done with them all!
I shall be wise, if I ever am wise,
Out of my own ears, and of my own eyes.

One day of the woods and their balmy light, —
One hour on the top of a breezy hill,
There in the sassafras all out of sight
The blackbird is splitting his slender bill
For the ease of his heart!

Do you think if he said
I will sing like this bird with the mud-colored back
And the two little spots of gold over his eyes,
Or like to this shy little creature that flies
So low to the ground, with the amethyst rings
About her small throat, — all alive when she sings
With a glitter of shivering green, — for the rest,
Gray shading to gray, with the sheen of her breast
Half rose and half fawn, —

Or like this one so proud,
That flutters so restless, and cries out so loud,
With stiff horny beak and a topknotted head,
And a lining of scarlet laid under his wings, —
Do you think, if he said, "I'm ashamed to be black!"
That he could have shaken the sassafras tree
As he does with the song he was born to? Not he!

Alice Cary.

A STRIP OF BLUE

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine, —
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine, —
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity, —
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew, —
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes, —
The people of the sky, —
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn till night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told.

The fringes of eternity, —
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glittering sea,
I reach out for and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones, —
Sapphire and amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kist.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift,
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is oped unto my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

Lucy Larcom.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE

Blue gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead —
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from
We know, and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
"'T is my watch," he would mutter,
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck, by the foremast!
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare —
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks)
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks: —
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep" — and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin;
But, silence to doubt and dole: —
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft,
Loose to'gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead —
Every man to his duty,
We have buried our dead!

Henry Howard Brownell.

THE TWO FRIENDS

I HAVE two friends — two glorious friends — two
better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to
laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves — ten years ago
in Spain.
The second drowned near Alicante — while I alive
remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating
through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning
light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land is leading
a lordly life,
The second has married a mermaiden, a beautiful
water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea — with
a few, I trust, on high,
'T is a matter of small account to me — the way that
I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on
the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the same
to me.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

TYRE

The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of
Tyre, —
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland
roars,
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long
desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of
Tyre?"

Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every
land,
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have
blown,
Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and o'er-
thrown;
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire,
To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of
Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the
waves, —
Thou that thyself exalted, till Kings became thy
slaves?

Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will
obeyed, —
Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore
afraid, —
Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and thought them
strong and sure,
And boasted midst the waters, Shall I not aye en-
dure?

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy princely
mart?
The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian
art;
The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa's spicy store;
The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward
bore,
When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the
sea
With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is laid
waste:
There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in Shenir's
vales
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of
sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and
sing:
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king:

Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,
Sit on the piles of ruins, thou throneless and discrowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Bayard Taylor.

SONG

Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes!
I cannot bear their fire;
Nor will I touch with sacrifice
Those altars of desire.
For they are flames that shun the day,
And their unholy light
Is fed from natures gone astray
In passion and in night.

The stars of Beauty and of Sin,
  They burn amid the dark,
Like beacons that to ruin win
  The fascinated bark.
Then veil their glow, lest I forswear
  The hopes thou canst not crown,
And in the black waves of thy hair
  My struggling manhood drown!

Bayard Taylor.

BEDOUIN SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
  On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
  In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
  And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
  With a love that shall not die
    Till the sun grows cold,
    And the stars are old,
    And the leaves of the Judgment Book
      Unfold!

Look from thy window and see
  My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
  And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
  With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
  Of a love that shall not die

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
Unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
Unfold!

Bayard Taylor.

TO A LATE COMER

Why didst thou come into my life so late?
If it were morning I could welcome thee
With glad all-hails, and bid each hour to be
The willing servitor of thine estate,
Lading thy brave ships with Time's richest freight;
If it were noonday I might hope to see
On some fair height thy banners floating free,
And hear the acclaiming voices call thee great!
But it is nightfall and the stars are out;
Far in the west the crescent moon hangs low,
And near at hand the lurking shadows wait;

Darkness and silence gather round about,
Lethe's black stream is near its overflow, —
Ah, friend, dear friend, why didst thou come so late?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

"THALATTA! THALATTA!"

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND

I STAND upon the summit of my years;
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,
The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the dim Beyond;
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care.
Eternity! — Deliverance, Promise, Course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

Joseph Brownlee Brown.

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
  That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
  Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
  Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
  Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
  Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living faith!

Phœbe Cary.

ALAS!

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,
  Only our hands could meet,
What matter that half the weary world
  Lies between our feet;

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
You by the pleasant Rhine?
Our hearts were just as far apart
If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
I leave the past behind;
And standing here by the sea alone,
I give it to the wind.

I give it to the cruel wind
And I have no word to say;
Yet, alas! to be as we have been,
And to be as we are to-day!

Phœbe Cary.

EBB AND FLOW

I WALKED beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only — "Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach;
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured — "Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom, —
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirred
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:
But like the waves along the shore,
It said — "Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

George William Curtis.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

There are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
  And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
  But it never comes again.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

BIRDS

Birds are singing round my window,
  Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
  But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

MERCEDES

Under a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies;
He knows where the red gold lies,
He knows where the diamonds shine; —
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up;
I tear its flaming leaves apart; —
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate;
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But left my dagger in the gate; —
Now she knows her lover's fate!

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —

Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:

They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch.

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

Henry Timrod.

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

And yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,

Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrops tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would
start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Henry Timrod.

QUATORZAIN

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest

In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible god, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

Henry Timrod.

BOOKRA

As I lay asleep in Italy. — Shelley.

One night I lay asleep in Africa,
In a closed garden by the city gate;
A desert horseman, furious and late,
Came wildly thundering at the massive bar,
"Open in Allah's name! Wake, Mustapha!
Slain is the Sultan, — treason, war, and hate
Rage from Fez to Tetuan! Open straight."
The watchman heard as thunder from afar:
"Go to! In peace this city lies asleep;
To all-knowing Allah 't is no news you bring;"
Then turned in slumber still his watch to keep.
At once a nightingale began to sing,
In oriental calm the garden lay, —
Panic and war postponed another day.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MIDWINTER

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, wrapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery vale;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree:
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruiséd part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

EVENING

I KNOW the night is near at hand.
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

S. Weir Mitchell.

OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO HAVE FAILED

Death's but one more to-morrow. Thou art gray
With many a death of many a yesterday.
O yearning heart that lacked the athlete's force
And, stumbling, fell upon the beaten course,
And looked, and saw with ever glazing eyes
Some lower soul that seemed to win the prize!
Lo, Death, the just, who comes to all alike,
Life's sorry scales of right anew shall strike.
Forth, through the night, on unknown shores to win
The peace of God unstirred by sense of sin!
There love without desire shall, like a mist
At evening precious to the opening flower,
Possess thy soul in ownership, and kissed
By viewless lips, whose touch shall be a dower
Of genius and of winged serenity,
Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy.
There soul hath touch of soul, and there the great
Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden gate.
Freeborn to untold thoughts that age on age
Caressed sweet singers in their sacred sleep,
Thy soul shall enter on its heritage
Of God's unuttered wisdom. Thou shalt sweep
With hand assured the ringing lyre of life,
Till the fierce anguish of its bitter strife,

Its pain, death, discord, sorrow, and despair,
Break into rhythmic music. Thou shalt share
The prophet-joy that kept forever glad
God's poet-souls when all a world was sad.

Enter and live! Thou hast not lived before;
We were but soul-cast shadows. Ah, no more
The heart shall bear the burdens of the brain;
Now shall the strong heart think, nor think in vain.
In the dear company of peace, and those
Who bore for man life's utmost agony,
Thy soul shall climb to cliffs of still repose,
And see before thee lie Time's mystery,
And that which is God's time, Eternity;
Whence, sweeping over thee, dim myriad things,
The awful centuries yet to be, in hosts
That stir the vast of heaven with formless wings,
Shall cast for thee their shrouds and, like to ghosts,
Unriddle all the past, till, awed and still,
Thy soul the secret hath of good and ill.

S. Weir Mitchell.

IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over,
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter, have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing to seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

And behold! like the welcoming quiver.
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over,
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release:
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the harbor at last, —
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,
That throb through the sanctified river,
Which girdle the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing to seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A LITTLE while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, Sweet, our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part"!)
So, ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet, —
Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep, —
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet,
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

PARTING

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell:
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Emily Dickinson.

CHOICE

Of all the souls that stand create
I have elected one,
When sense from spirit files away
And subterfuge is done;

When that which is and that which was
Apart, intrinsic, stand,
And this brief tragedy of flesh
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front
And mists are carved away, —
Behold the atom I preferred
To all the lists of clay!

Emily Dickinson.

SUSPENSE

Elysium is as far as to
The very nearest room,
If in that room a friend await
Felicity or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming foot,
The opening of a door.

Emily Dickinson.

PEACE

I many times thought peace had come,
When peace was far away;
As wrecked men deem they sight the land
At centre of the sea,

And struggle slacker, but to prove,
As hopelessly as I,
How many the fictitious shores
Before the harbor lie.

Emily Dickinson.

CHARTLESS

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson.

MY DEARLING

My Dearling! — thus, in days long fled,
In spite of creed and court and queen,
King Henry wrote to Anne Boleyn, —
The dearest pet name ever said,
And dearly purchased, too, I ween!

Poor child! she played a losing game:
She won a heart, — so Henry said, —
But ah, the price she gave instead!
Men's hearts, at best, are but a name:
She paid for Henry's with her head!

You count men's hearts as something worth?
Not I: were I a maid unwed,
I'd rather have my own fair head
Than all the lovers on the earth,
Than all the hearts that ever bled!

"My Dearling!" with a love most true,
Having no fear of creed or queen,
I breathe that name my prayers between;
But it shall never bring to you
The hapless fate of Anne Boleyn!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

SEA-BIRDS

O LONESOME sea-gull, floating far
Over the ocean's icy waste,
Aimless and wide thy wanderings are,
Forever vainly seeking rest: —
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

'Twixt wintry sea and wintry sky,
Cleaving the keen air with thy breast,
Thou sailest slowly, solemnly;
No fetter on thy wing is pressed: —
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

O restless, homeless human soul,
Following for aye thy nameless quest,
The gulls float, and the billows roll;
Thou watchest still, and questionest: —
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

Elizabeth Akers Allen

CORONATION

AT the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand,
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied like one in dream, "Of thee,
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown and threw it by.
"O man, thou must have known," he said
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
Before His throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?" The cry ran to and fro;
Beggar and king they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

SPINNING

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin:
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,

My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young, —
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

MORS BENEFICA

GIVE me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear:
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay,
But as that old man eloquent made way

From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;
Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear
The victory, one glorious moment stay.
Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,
No ministrant beside to ward and weep,
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

FALSTAFF'S SONG

WHERE's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
With his grave turf yet to grow,
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?
What better chance hath he

To clink the can and toss the pot
When this night's junkets be?
For the lad that died o' yesterday
Is just as dead — ho! ho! —
As the whoreson knave men laid away
A thousand years ago.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

PROVENÇAL LOVERS

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

WITHIN the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair, —
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle"; —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in Heaven be
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To filch the Peter-pence we bring"; —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briars,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not — a starveling set!

Who'd care with folk like these to dine?
The other road 't were just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!" —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company," —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonair,
The pretty dames, the pretty brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquet
And have a friend or two besides, —
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs, and crests in vair and gray," —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below," —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THEOCRITUS

Ay! Unto thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus, —
Loved by the satyr and the faun!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine, the blood-red revels,
Thine, the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North;
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire;
Of mariners rocked asleep,
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train;
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodlands
driven,
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again

Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring;
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall;
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,
The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

Annie Fields.

INDIRECTION

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that
clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that pre-
cedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than
he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

Richard Realf.

SOME DAY OF DAYS

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 't will be —
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

Nora Perry

SUNDERED

I CHALLENGE not the oracle
That drove you from my board:
I bow before the dark decree
That scatters as I hoard.

Ye vanished like the sailing ships
That ride far out at sea:
I murmur, as your farewell dies,
And your forms float from me.

Ah! ties are sundered in this hour;
No tide of fortune rare
Shall bring me hearts I owned before,
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,
And leave their precious prize,
Returning home, they bear for freight
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! when ye come back to me,
And come not as of yore,
But with your alien wealth and peace,
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,
O you whom I adored!
Love hath no ties but Destiny
Shall cut them with a sword.

Sidney Henry Morse.

HIC JACET

So Love is dead that has been quick so long!
Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,
With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,
And leave him there, their pleasant scents among;

And chant a sweet and melancholy song
About the charms whereof he was possessed,
And how of all things he was loveliest,
And to compare with aught were him to wrong.

Leave him beneath the still and solemn stars,
That gather and look down from their far place
With their long calm our brief woes to deride,
Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars
And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his face; —
And yet, had Love been Love, he had not died.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE

How shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy, —

No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" We say, but doubt and fear remain.
Would any choose to part thus unaware?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

BALLAD

In the summer even,
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
Till my love should come to shore.
The fishing-lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come, I sang, my true love,
Come hasten home to me!

But the sea, it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon;
And the young moon dropped from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea,
And wait! cried the night and wind and storm, —
Wait, till I come to thee!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter.

IRELAND

A GREAT, still Shape, alone,
She sits (her harp has fallen) on the sand,
And sees her children, one by one, depart: —
Her cloak (that hides what sins beside her own!)
Wrapped fold on fold about her. Lo;
She comforts her fierce heart,

As wailing some, and some gay-singing go,
With the far vision of that Greater Land
Deep in the Atlantic skies,
St. Brandan's Paradise!
Another Woman there,
Mighty and wondrous fair,
Stands on her shore-rock: — one uplifted hand
Holds a quick-piercing light
That keeps long sea-ways bright;
She beckons with the other, saying "Come,
O landless, shelterless,
Sharp-faced with hunger, worn with long distress: —
Come hither, finding home!
Lo, my new fields of harvest, open, free,
By winds of blessing blown,
Whose golden corn-blades shake from sea to sea —
Fields without walls that all the people own!"

John James Piatt.

MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago —
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say good-night again!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SONG FROM THE PERSIAN

Ah, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch

The dear warm mouth of those they love —
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Ah, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in his heart by night.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS

A MAN should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now! —
Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,
The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,
And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,
The saddest story that Art can tell —

Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,
Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;
Music haunted my dreams by day.
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell:
Suddenly I had friends in crowds;
I bade the house-tops a long farewell;
"Good-bye," I cried, "to the stars and clouds!

"But thou, rare soul, thou hast dwelt with me,
Spirit of Poesy! thou divine
Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,
Goddess! for ever and ever mine."

And the woman I loved was now my bride,
And the house I wanted was my own;
I turned to the Goddess satisfied —
But the Goddess had somehow flown.

Flown, and I fear she will never return;
I am much too sleek and happy for her,
Whose lovers must hunger and waste and burn,
Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir.

I call — but she does not stoop to my cry;
I wait — but she lingers, and ah! so long!
It was not so in the years gone by,
When she touched my lips with chrism of song.

I swear I will get me a garret again,
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,
And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

For a man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says:
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AFTER WINGS

This was your butterfly, you see, —
His fine wings made him vain:
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain. —
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again!"

O child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair:
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

Sarah M. B. Piatt

REFUGE

Set your face to the sea, fond lover, —
Cold in darkness the sea-winds blow!
Waves and clouds and the night will cover
All your passion and all your woe:
Sobbing waves, and the death within them,
Sweet as the lips that once you prest —
Pray that your hopeless heart may win them!
Pray that your weary life may rest!

Set your face to the stars, fond lover, —
Calm, and silent, and bright, and true! —
They will pity you, they will hover
Softly over the deep for you.
Winds of heaven will sigh your dirges,
Tears of heaven for you be spent,

And sweet for you will the murmuring surges
Pour the wail of their low lament.

Set your face to the lonely spaces,
Vast and gaunt, of the midnight sky!
There, with the drifting cloud, your place is,
There with the griefs that cannot die.
Love is a mocking fiend's derision,
Peace a phantom, and faith a snare!
Make the hope of your heart a vision —
Look to heaven, and find it there!

William Winter.

THE RUBICON

One other bitter drop to drink,
And then — no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then — go o'er!
One sigh — and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

One pang — and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

One motion — and the stream is crossed,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then, onward! Whatso'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate,
Can touch me there.

William Winter.

IF

Yes, death is at the bottom of the cup,
And every one that lives must drink it up;
And yet between the sparkle at the top
And the black lees where lurks that bitter drop,
There swims enough good liquor, Heaven knows,
To ease our hearts of all their other woes.

The bubbles rise in sunshine at the brim;
That drop below is very far and dim;
The quick fumes spread, and shape us such bright dreams
That in the glad delirium it seems
As though by some deft sleight, if so we willed,
That drop untasted might be somehow spilled.

William Dean Howells.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;

Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain by that I have undone?

William Dean Howells.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life, —
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view, —

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes down, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

John Hay.

MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain, —
"*Sic semper!*" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,

Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

James Ryder Randall.

THE PICKET-GUARD

November, 1861

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,

While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . ? Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket 's off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

RELIEVING GUARD

Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark, — as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? there's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Bret Harte.

DICKENS IN CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly —
This spray of Western pine!

Bret Harte.

TO A SEA-BIRD

Sauntering hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings, —
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new;
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee;
Sick am I of these changes, too;
Little to care for, little to rue, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
Bring thee at last to shore and me;
All of my journeyings end them here:
This our tether must be our cheer, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
Something in common, old friend, have we:
Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,
I to the waters look for rest, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Bret Harte.

TAKE HEART

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time:
She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;
Yet I am not as one that grieves, —

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
The violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown,
Beside some golden summer's bier, —
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE MAKING OF MAN

As the insect from the rock
Takes the color of its wing;
As the boulder from the shock
Of the ocean's rhythmic swing

Makes itself a perfect form,
Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enamelled warm
With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
Whatsoe'er its lot may be, —
Building, as the heavens roll,
Something large and strong and free, —
Things that hurt and things that mar
Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
Friendlier than the smiling days.

John White Chadwick.

BYRON

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I do not dare to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller.

SEA-BLOWN

Ah! there be souls none understand;
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land.
Unanchored ships, they blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down

In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown.

Call these not fools, the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Ay, there be gentlest souls sea-blown
That know not any harbor known.
Now it may be the reason is,
They touch on fairer shores than this.

Joaquin Miller.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,

"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Joaquin Miller.

THE YUKON

THE moon resumed all heaven now,
She shepherded the stars below
Along her wide, white steeps of snow,
Nor stooped nor rested, where or how.

She bared her full white breast, she dared
The sun e'er show his face again.
She seemed to know no change, she kept
Carousal constantly, nor slept,
Nor turned aside a breath, nor spared
The fearful meaning, the mad pain,
The weary eyes, the poor dazed brain,
That came at last to feel, to see
The dread, dead touch of lunacy.

How loud the silence! Oh, how loud!
How more than beautiful the shroud
Of dead Light in the moon-mad north
When great torch-tipping stars stand forth
Above the black, slow-moving pall
As at some fearful funeral!

The moon blares as mad trumpets blare
To marshaled warriors long and loud;
The cobalt blue knows not a cloud,
But oh, beware that moon, beware
Her ghostly, graveyard, moon-mad stare!

Beware white silence more than white!
Beware the five-horned starry rune;
Beware the groaning gorge below;
Beware the wide, white world of snow,
Where trees hang white as hooded nun —
No thing not white, not one, not one!
But most beware that mad white moon.

All day, all day, all night, all night
Nay, nay, not yet or night or day.

Just whiteness, whiteness, ghastly white,
Made doubly white by that mad moon
And strange stars jangled out of tune!

At last, he saw, or seemed to see,
Above, beyond, another world.
Far up the ice-hung path there curled
A red-veined cloud, a canopy
That topt the fearful ice-built peak
That seemed to prop the very porch
Of God's house; then, as if a torch
Burned fierce, there flushed a fiery streak,
A flush, a blush, on heaven's cheek!

The dogs sat down, men sat the sled
And watched the flush, the blush of red.
The little wooly dogs, they knew,
Yet scarce knew what they were about.
They thrust their noses up and out,
They drank the Light, what else to do?
Their little feet, so worn, so true,
Could scarce keep quiet for delight.
They knew, they knew, how much they knew
The mighty breaking up of night!
Their bright eyes sparkled with such joy
That they at last should see loved Light!
The tandem sudden broke all rule;
Swung back, each leaping like a boy
Let loose from some dark, ugly school —
Leaped up and tried to lick his hand —
Stood up as happy children stand.

How tenderly God's finger set
His crimson flower on that height

Above the battered walls of night!
A little space it flourished yet,
And then His angel, His first-born,
Burst through, as on that primal morn!

Joaquin Miller.

OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the Monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask.
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

LIFE

Forenoon and afternoon and night, — Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night, — Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Edward Rowland Sill.

A RHYME OF LIFE

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn, little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,
Oh, bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY

Thou needst not weave nor spin,
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in,
Nor, forth a-field at morn,
At eve bring home the corn,
Nor on a winter's night
Make blaze the fagots bright.

So lithe and delicate —
So slender is thy state,
So pale and pure thy face,
So deer-like in their grace
Thy limbs, that all do vie
To take and charm the eye.

Thus, toiling where thou 'rt not
Is but the common lot: —
Three men mayhap alone
By strength may move a stone:
But, toiling near to thee,
One man may work as three.

If thou but bend a smile
To fall on him the while,

Or if one tender glance, —
Though coy and shot askance, —
His eye discover, then
One man may work as ten.

Men commonly but ask,
"When shall I end my task?"
But seeing thee come in,
'T is, "When may I begin?"
Such power doth beauty bring
To take from toil its sting.

If then thou 'lt do but this —
Fling o'er the work a bliss
From thy mere presence — none
Shall think thou 'st nothing done;
Thou needst not weave nor spin,
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in.

James Herbert Morse.

INHERITANCE

We wondered why he always turned aside
When mirth and gladness filled the brimming days:
Who else so fit as he for pleasure's ways?
Men thought him frozen by a selfish pride;
But that his voice was music none denied,
Or that his smile was like the sun's warm rays.
One day upon the sands he spoke in praise
Of swimmers who were buffeting the tide:
"The swelling waves of life they dare to meet.
I may not plunge where others safely go, —

Unbidden longings in my pulses beat."
O blind and thoughtless world! you little know
That ever round this hero's steadfast feet
Surges and tugs the dreaded undertow.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'T is done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands.

Sidney Lanier.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'T was on a tree they slew Him — last,
When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

DEATH, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care,
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'T is thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

Sidney Lanier.

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs

WHAT IS GOOD

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said a maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer; —

Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

AT BEST

The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait;

But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

A WHITE ROSE

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rose bud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR

The wind from out the west is blowing;
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;
Dark grow the pine-woods, dark and drear
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines, —
Far off, sublime, and full of fear, —
The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

Richard Watson Gilder.

SONGS

[I]

Not from the whole wide world I chose thee —
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

[II]

Years have flown since I knew thee first,
And I know thee as water is known of thirst;
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

Richard Watson Gilder.

I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES THAT I MEET THEE

I count my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me;
If thou art far, the bird tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes —
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream;

The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment-day.

Richard Watson Gilder.

AFTER-SONG

THROUGH love to light! O, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

Richard Watson Gilder.

IN EXILE

THE green is on the grass and the blue is in the sky,
And the soft, wet winds of April hurry by;
The earth laughs loud to the waves upon the shore,
But I'm sad for the land I shall never see more.

And often in the night time and often in the day
I know by the tears that my heart is far away;
I know by the tears that my heart is longing sore
For the fair lost land I shall never see more.

Peace is here and plenty, — O the glad relief! —
With laughing of the children between my soul and
grief;
Sorrow is behind us and happy days before, —
But God be with the land I shall never see more!

And deep shame upon me that any one should hear!
The black cloud is gone of the hunger and the fear,
The black care that sat like a wolf beside the door
In the far, far land I shall never see more.

Ever Blessed Savior! be not wroth with me!
For all Thy gifts and mercies, praise and glory be;
But the shadow's in my eyes for the little one I bore,
Who's asleep in the land I shall never see more.

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR

All ye who love the springtime — and who but loves
it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to
swell! —
Think not ye ken its beauty, or know its face so dear,
Till ye look upon old Ireland, in the dawning o' the
year!

For where in all the earth is there any joy like this,
When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit into
bliss,
While the thrushes in the bush strain their small
brown mottled throats,
Making all the air rejoice with their clear and mellow
notes;

And the blackbird on the hedge in the golden sunset
glow
Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny nest
below;

And the dancing wind slips down through the leaves
of the boreen,
And all the world rejoices in the wearing o' the green!

For 'tis green, green, green, where the ruined towers
are gray,
And it's green, green, green, all the happy night and
day;
Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy on the wall,
And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green
of all.

There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow
gorse is set
A crown of shining gold on the headlands brown and
wet;
Not a nook of all the land but the daisies make to
glow,
And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below.

And it's there the earth is merry, like a young thing
newly made
Running wild amid the blossoms in the field and in the
glade,
Babbling ever into music under skies with soft clouds
piled,
Like the laughter and the tears in the blue eyes of a
child.

But the green, green, green, O 'tis that is blithe and
fair!
In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome as the
air,

Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on crag and glen,
Thrusting forty banners high where another land has ten.

Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and heavy grief,
And thus with soft caress would give solace and relief;
Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her from the cold,
And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with emeralds and gold.

So ye who love the springtime, — and who but loves it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell! —
Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face so dear
Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

A PRELUDE

Spirit that moves the sap in spring,
When lusty male birds fight and sing,
Inform my words, and make my lines
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

Let mine be the freshening power
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;
The fertilizing song be mine,
Nut-flavored, racy, keen as wine.

Let some procreant truth exhale
From me, before my forces fail;
Or, ere the ecstatic impulse go,
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.

If quick, sound seed be wanting where
The virgin soil feels sun and air,
And longs to fill a higher state,
There let my meanings germinate.

Let not my strength be spilled for naught,
But, in some fresher vessel caught,
Be blended into sweeter forms,
And fraught with purer aims and charms.

Let bloom-dust of my life be blown
To quicken hearts that flower alone;
Around my knees let scions rise
With heavenward-pointing destinies.

And when I fall, like some old tree,
And subtile change makes mould of me,
There let earth show a fertile line
Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine!

Maurice Thompson

TO AN ORIOLE

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Edgar Fawcett.

FIREFLIES

I saw, one sultry night above a swamp,
The darkness throbbing with their golden pomp!

And long my dazzled sight did they entrance
With the weird chaos of their dizzy dance!

Quicker than yellow leaves, when gales despoil,
Quivered the brilliance of their mute turmoil,

Within whose light was intricately blent
Perpetual rise, perpetual descent.

As though their scintillant flickerings had met
In the vague meshes of some airy net!

And now mysteriously I seemed to guess,
While watching their tumultuous loveliness,

What fervor of deep passion strangely thrives
In the warm richness of these tropic lives,

Whose wings can never tremble but they show
These hearts of living fire that beat below!

Edgar Fawcett.

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

John B. Tabb.

TO SHELLEY

At Shelley's birth,
The Lark, dawn-spirit, with an anthem loud
Rose from the dusky earth
To tell it to the Cloud,
That, like a flower night-folded in the gloom,
Burst into morning bloom.

At Shelley's death,
The Sea, that deemed him an immortal, saw
A god's extinguished breath,
And landward, as in awe,
Upbore him to the altar whence he came,
And the rekindling flame.

John B. Tabb.

ITER SUPREMUM

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, — soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gates where a soul would go.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs, —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods

And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.

God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

Will Thompson

ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A MONUMENT IN ENGLAND TO LORD BYRON

The grass of fifty Aprils hath waved green
Above the spent heart, the Olympian head,
The hands crost idly, the shut eyes unseen,
Unseeing, the locked lips whose song hath fled;
Yet mystic-lived, like some rich, tropic flower,
His fame puts forth fresh blossoms hour by hour;
Wide spread the laden branches dropping dew
On the low, laurelled brow misunderstood,
That bent not, neither bowed, until subdued
By the last foe who crowned while he o'erthrew.

Fair was the Easter Sabbath morn when first
Men heard he had not wakened to its light:
The end had come, and time had done its worst,
For the black cloud had fallen of endless night.
Then in the town, as Greek accosted Greek,
'T was not the wonted festal words to speak,

"Christ is arisen," but "Our chief is gone,"
With such wan aspect and grief-smitten head
As when the awful cry of "Pan is dead!"
Filled echoing hill and valley with its moan.

"I am more fit for death than the world deems,"
So spake he as life's light was growing dim,
And turned to sleep as unto soothing dreams.
What terrors could its darkness hold for him,
Familiar with all anguish, but with fear
Still unacquainted? On his martial bier
They laid a sword, a helmet, and a crown —
Meed of the warrior, but not these among
His voiceless lyre, whose silent chords unstrung
Shall wait — how long? — for touches like his own.

An alien country mourned him as her son,
And hailed him hero: his sole, fitting tomb
Were Theseus' temple or the Parthenon,
Fondly she deemed. His brethren bare him home,
Their exiled glory, past the guarded gate
Where England's Abbey shelters England's great.
Afar he rests whose very name hath shed
New lustre on her with the song he sings.
So Shakespeare rests who scorned to lie with kings,
Sleeping at peace midst the unhonored dead.

Emma Lazarus.

VENUS OF THE LOUVRE

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of Love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on.
Time's brutal hand hath maimed but could not mar.

When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw her not alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car, —
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

Emma Lazarus.

ONE

One whitest lily, reddest rose,
None other such the summer knows;
Of bird or brook one perfect tune,
And sung is all the sweet of June.

Once come and gone, the one dear face,
Forever empty is its place;
But one far voice the lover hears,
Calling across the waste of years.

John Vance Cheney.

DAYS THAT COME AND GO

Days that come and go,
It is not worth the while;
Only one dawn I know,
The morning of her smile.

Nights that come and go,
In vain your shadow lies;
Only love's dusk I know,
The evening of her eyes.

John Vance Cheney

IN EXPLANATION

Her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear.
But her lips were so near —
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you.
But — her lips were so near
That — what else could I do?

Walter Learned

FRUITIONLESS

Ah, little flower, upspringing, azure-eyed,
The meadow-brook beside,
Dropping delicious balms
Into the tender palms
Of lover-winds, that woo with light caress,
In still contentedness,
Living and blooming thy brief summer-day: —
So, wiser far than I,
That only dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my listless life away.

Ah! sweetheart birds, a-building your wee house
In the broad-leavéd boughs,

Pausing with merry trill
To praise each other's skill,
And nod your pretty heads with pretty pride;
Serenely satisfied
To trill and twitter love's sweet roundelay: —
So, happier than I,
That, lonely, dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my lonely life away.

Brown-bodied bees, that scent with nostrils fine
The odorous blossom-wine,
Sipping, with heads half thrust
Into the pollen dust
Of rose and hyacinth and daffodil,
To hive, in amber cell,
A honey feasting for the winter-day: —
So, better far than I,
Self-wrapt, that dream and sigh,
And sighing, dream my useless life away.

Ina Coolbrith.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying, —
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom, —
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was —
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, belovéd, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was" —
When the grass grows over me!

Ina Coolbrith.

THE POOL OF SLEEP

I DRAGGED my body to the pool of sleep,
Longing to drink; but ere my throbbing lip
From the cool flood one Dives-drop might sip,
The wave sank fluctuant to some unknown deep.
With aching eyes that could not even weep,
I saw the dark, deluding water slip,
Slow eddying, down; the weeds and mosses drip
With maddening waste. I watched the sweet tide creep
A little higher, but to fall more fast.
Fevered and wounded in the strife of men

I burned with anguish, till, endurance past,
The fount crept upward; sank, and rose again,—
Swelled slowly, slowly, slowly, — till at last
My seared lips met the soothing wave, and then —

Arlo Bates.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Eugene Field.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field.

TO A HURT CHILD

WHAT, are you hurt, Sweet? So am I;
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here! So wide
Upon your cheek!

Oh happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak.

Lay here your pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst,
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet. Run back now to your play,
Forget your woes.
I too was sorely hurt this day, —
But no one knows.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN

Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair,—
The bravest who an entrance gain
Reluctant linger there, —
For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the sight,
And Sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow, —
Like Christmas-roses, which attain
Perfection 'mid the snow, —
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows melt,
And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain! — what lessons
there are bought! —
Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught, —
Amid its loneliness and bloom, grave meanings grow
more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling-place seems God so strangely near!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES

The sunshine of thine eyes,
(O still, celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
O let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee!

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE WIND OF SORROW

The fire of love was burning, yet so low
That in the dark we scarce could see its rays,
And in the light of perfect-placid days
Nothing but smouldering embers dull and slow.
Vainly, for love's delight, we sought to throw
New pleasures on the pyre to make it blaze:
In life's calm air and tranquil-prosperous ways
We missed the radiant heat of long ago.

Then in the night, a night of sad alarms,
Bitter with pain and black with fog of fears,
That drove us trembling to each other's arms —
Across the gulf of darkness and salt tears,
Into life's calm the wind of sorrow came,
And fanned the fire of love to clearest flame.

Henry van Dyke.

THE VEERY

THE moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were pouring,
When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love deploring.
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;
I longed to hear a simpler strain, — the wood-notes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;
I only know one song more sweet, — the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:

The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,
And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing:
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

Henry van Dyke.

JOY OF THE MORNING

I HEAR you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood:
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word:
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart,
(The world's mysterious stir)
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.

Edwin Markham.

A LOOK INTO THE GULF

I LOOKED one night, and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
"The bugles! they are crying back again —
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.

. . . . . .

Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill!
Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,
A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind!"
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again —
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

Edwin Markham.

LION AND LIONESS

ONE night we were together, you and I,
And had unsown Assyria for a lair,
Before the walls of Babylon rose in air.
Low languid hills were heaped along the sky,
And white bones marked the wells of alkali,

When suddenly down the lion-path a sound . . .
The wild man-odor . . . then a crouch, a bound,
And the frail Thing fell quivering with a cry!

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light:
The dead man lay there quieted and white:
I roared my triumph over the desert wide,
Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,
I felt your body breathing by my side.

Edwin Markham.

BROWNING AT ASOLO

This is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

There to the West what a range of blue! —
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves! O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?

See! yonder's his Venice — the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,
Guarding the others: the Palace choir,
The Temple flashing with opal fire —
Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.

Yesterday he was part of it all —
Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
In the flush of the Alpine afterglow,
Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred row
Meets in a leafy bacchanal.

Listen a moment — how oft did he! —
To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower
Leading the evening in . . . ah, me!
Here breathes the whole soul of Italy
As one rose breathes with the breath of the bower.

Sighs were meant for an hour like this
When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
Do you wonder the poet's heart should miss
This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss
And dream of Asolo ever again?

"Part of it yesterday," we moan?
Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
What most we love we are that alone.
His body lies under the Minster stone,
But the love of the warm heart lingers here.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

LOVE AND ITALY

They halted at the terrace wall;
Below, the towered city lay;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
Was silent in a swoon of May.

As hand to hand spake one soft word
Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
What part was Love, what Italy.

They knew what makes the moon more bright
Where Beatrice and Juliet are, —
The sweeter perfume in the night,
The lovelier starlight in the star;
And more that glowing hour did prove
Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love
As Love transfigures Italy.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

HER PICTURE

Autumn was cold in Plymouth town;
The wind ran round the shore,
Now softly passing up and down,
Now wild and fierce and fleet,
Wavering overhead,
Moaning in the narrow street
As one beside the dead.

The leaves of wrinkled gold and brown
Fluttered here and there,
But not quite heedless where;
For as in hood and sad-hued gown
The Rose of Plymouth took the air,
They whirled, and whirled, and fell to rest
Upon her gentle breast,
Then on the happy earth her foot had pressed.

Autumn is wild in Plymouth town,
Barren and bleak and cold,
And still the dead leaves flutter down
As the years grow old.
And still — forever gravely fair —
Beneath their fitful whirl,
New England's sweetest girl,
Rose Standish, takes the air.

Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME [1]

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble — yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight — soulsight, even — for a space;
And tears — yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

James Whitcomb Riley.

[1] From the Biographical Edition of *The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

BEREAVED [1]

Let me come in where you sit weeping, — aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss. — Such arms — such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comforting, —
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM [1]

Old man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim, —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life, — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away, —

[1] From the Biographical Edition of *The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim;
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad, —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen, —
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said, — "Tell Jim Good-bye:
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade;
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant, — and one arm gone, —
And the old man's words in his mind all day, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue

A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His Father's, the old voice in his ears, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER

The dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly;
But hark, what sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom?
It is the cannon's thunder —
It is the voice of doom!

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,

And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high;
The grave and holy brother
To God is saying Mass,
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass?

Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE DAISIES

Once I came to Siena,
Traveling waywardly;
I sought not church nor palace;
I did not care to see.
In the little park at Siena,
Her famous ways untrod,
I laid me down in the springtime
Upon the daisied sod.
New, but not unfamiliar,
Of my boyhood seemed the scene —
The hillsides of Judaea,
And Turner's pines between;
And tenderly the rugged,
Volcanic rock-lands bare,
Warm in the April weather,
Slept in the melting air.
'T was April in the valleys;
'T was April in the sky;
And from the tufted locusts
The sweet scent wandered by;
But strange to me the sunshine,
And strange the growing grass;

To the branch that cannot blossom
How cold doth April pass!
As lovers, when love is over,
Remembering seem men dead,
Down on the warm bright daisies,
Earth's lover, I laid my head;
And whence or why I know not,
At the touch my eyes were dim,
And I knew that these were the daisies
That Keats felt grow o'er him.

George Edward Woodberry.

DIVINE AWE

To tremble, when I touch her hands,
With awe that no man understands;
To feel soft reverence arise
When, lover-sweet, I meet her eyes;
To see her beauty grow and shine
When most I feel this awe divine, —
Whate'er befall me, this is mine;
And where about the room she moves,
My spirit follows her, and loves.

George Edward Woodberry.

STRONG AS DEATH

O Death, when thou shalt come to me
From out thy dark, where she is now,
Come not with graveyard smell on thee,
Or withered roses on thy brow.

Come not, O Death, with hollow tone,
And soundless step, and clammy hand—
Lo, I am now no less alone
Than in thy desolate, doubtful land;

But with that sweet and subtle scent
That ever clung about her (such
As with all things she brushed was blent);
And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair,
Crown thyself, Death; let fall thy tread
So light that I may dream her there,
And turn upon my dying bed.

And through my chilling veins shall flame
My love, as though beneath her breath;
And in her voice but call my name,
And I will follow thee, O Death.

Henry Cuyler Bunner.

WISE

An apple orchard smells like wine;
A succory flower is blue;
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain
Why one would like to cry
When sprouts are full of April rain —
Such lonely folk go by!

So wise, so wise — that my tears fall
  Each breaking of the dawn;
That I do long to tell you all —
  But you are dead and gone.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

IN TIME OF GRIEF

Dark, thinned, beside the wall of stone,
  The box dripped in the air;
Its odor through my house was blown
  Into the chamber there.

Remote and yet distinct the scent,
  The sole thing of the kind,
As though one spoke a word half meant
  That left a sting behind.

I knew not Grief would go from me
  And naught of it be plain,
Except how keen the box can be
  After a fall of rain.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE FOUR WINDS

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars—
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement-squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains —
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose! —
Over magnolia blooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

Charles Henry Lüders

THE OLD SOUL

"Not in entire forgetfulness."

The Old Soul came from far,
Beyond the unlit bound;
There had gone out a star,
And a great world was drowned,

Since birth and death and birth
Were hers, upon the earth.

For she had robed anew
  Time and time out of mind;
And, as the sphere of dew
  Unshapes into the wind,
Her raiment oft had cast
Into the wasting past.

There was no dizzying height
  She had not sometime trod,
No dungeon known of night
  But she had felt its rod;
The saint, assoiled from sin —
The saint's arch-foe — had been!

At cruel feasts she sate,
  Where heartless mirth ran high;
Through famine's portal strait
  Had fled with wailful cry;
All human fates had proved,
And those from man removed.

Yea, she had worn the guise
  Of creatures lashed and spurned —
Even of those whose eyes
  May not on heaven be turned;
No house too dark or base
To be her tarrying-place!

The Old Soul came from far;
  And, all lives having known,

She nowhere touched a bar,
  But all was as her own:
And this could none forget,
Who once her look had met!

The Old Soul came from far,
  Moving through days and ways
That are not — and that are!
  She turned on all her gaze —
Illumed, — deceived — illumed;
Yet still the road resumed.

The Old Soul came from far,
  And toward the far she drew.
"Turn home, mine avatar!"
  That voice, long lost, she knew;
She heard, she turned — was free —
No more to dream, but Be!

Edith M. Thomas.

EVOE!

"*Many are the wand bearers, few are the true bacchanals.*"

Many are the wand-bearers;
  Their windy shouts I hear,
Along the hillside vineyard,
  And where the wine runs clear;
They show the vine-leaf chaplet,
  The ivy-wreathen spear.
But the god, the true Iacchus,
  He does not hold them dear.

Many are the wand-bearers,
  And bravely are they clad;

Yes, they have all the tokens
His early lovers had.
They sing the master-passions,
Themselves unsad, unglad;
And the god, the true Iacchus —
He knows they are not mad!

Many are the wand-bearers;
The fawn-skin bright they wear;
There are among them maenads
That rave with unbound hair.
They toss the harmless firebrand —
It spends itself in air:
And the god, the true Iacchus,
He smiles — and does not care.

Many are the wand-bearers,
And who (ye ask) am I?
One who was born in madness,
"Evoe"! my first cry —
Who dares, before your spear-points,
To challenge and defy;
And the god, the true Iacchus,
So keep me till I die!

Many are the wand-bearers.
I bear with me no sign;
Yet I was mad, was drunken,
Ere yet I tasted wine;
Nor bleeding grape can slacken
The thirst wherewith I pine;
And the god, the true Iacchus,
Hears now this song of mine.

Edith M. Thomas.

SONNET

METHINKS ofttimes my heart is like some bee
That goes forth through the summer days and sings,
And gathers honey from all growing things
In garden plot, or on the clover lea.
When the long afternoon grows late, and she
Would seek her hive, she cannot lift her wings,
So heavily the too sweet burden clings,
From which she would not, and yet would, fly free.
So with my full fond heart; for when it tries
To lift itself to peace-crowned heights, above
The common way where countless feet have trod,
Lo! then this burden of dear human ties,
This growing weight of precious earthly love,
Bends down the spirit that would soar to God.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

INTERLUDE

THE days grow shorter, the nights grow longer,
The headstones thicken along the way;
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger
For those who walk with us, day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower,
The courage is lesser to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart runs lower
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer,
And the better things of the earth seem best;

And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,
And let us speak softly, in love's sweet tone.
For no man knows, on the morrow, whether
We two pass by, or but one alone.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE WORLD'S NEED

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A Fire-Mist and a planet, —
A crystal and a cell, —
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod, —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high, —

And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod, —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in, —
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod, —
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, —
A mother starved for her brood, —
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod, —
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

OPPORTUNITY

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace — soon or late
I knock, unbidden, once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

John James Ingalls.

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day —
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;

My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Walter Malone.

THE RACERS

Time at my elbow plucks me sore;
Yet I'll not slack my pace to hear
The one sad word which, o'er and o'er,
He whispers in my ear.

Upon my hair he dusts his rime;
I shake my head full laughingly,
For howsoever fleet be Time,
He shall not outstrip me.

James B. Kenyon.

THE CRICKET

Piper of the fields and woods
And the fragrant solitudes,
When the trees are stripped of leaves,
And the choked brook sobs and grieves;
When the golden-rod alone
Feigns the summer hath not flown;
Then while evening airs grow chill,
And the flocks upon the hill

Huddle in the waning light,
Thou, ere falls the frosty night,
To the kine that homeward pass
Pipest 'mid the stiffening grass.
Dark may dawn the winter days, —
Where thou art the summer stays;
Though the ruffian north winds roar,
Lash the roof and smite the door,
Thou from hearths secure and warm
Laughest at the brewing storm,
And thy merry minstrelsy
Sets the frozen fancy free.
Dost thou dream, O piper brave,
That from his sea-haunted grave
He who praised thy song of yore
Hath come back to hear once more,
Through high noons, thy strident strain
Borne o'er Enna's saffron plain?
Long, long since the nectared hoard
That the yellow bees have stored
In the turf above thy head
Hath, by many a passing tread
O'er the chamber of his sleep,
In the dust been trampled deep.
From his lentisk couch of rest,
In his shaggy goat-skin vest,
He shall rise no more to hear,
With the poet's raptured ear,
O'er the thymy pastures swell
Morning sounds he loved so well.
Other skies are over us,
And afar Theocritus
Slumbers deep, O piper small,

And he will not heed at all
Though be struck thy shrillest notes;
Yet a voice like thine still floats
O'er him where thy shy kin be
'Mid the dews of Sicily.

James B. Kenyon.

PREVISION

Oh, days of beauty standing veiled apart,
With dreamy skies and tender, tremulous air,
In this rich Indian summer of the heart
Well may the earth her jewelled halo wear.

The long brown fields — no longer drear and dull —
Burn with the glow of these deep-hearted hours,
Until the dry weeds seem more beautiful,
More spiritlike than even summer's flowers.

But yesterday the world was stricken bare,
Left old and dead in gray, enshrouding gloom;
To-day what vivid wonder of the air
Awakes the soul of vanished light and bloom?

Sharp with the clean, fine ecstasy of death,
A mightier wind shall strike the shrinking earth,
An exhalation of creative breath
Wake the white wonder of the winter's birth.

In her wide Pantheon — her temple place —
Wrapped in strange beauty and new comforting,
We shall not miss the Summer's full-blown grace,
Nor hunger for the swift, exquisite Spring.

Ada Foster Murray.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FALL

Come, on thy swaying feet,
Wild Spirit of the Fall!
With wind-blown skirts, loose hair of russet-brown,
Crowned with bright berries of the bittersweet.

Trip a light measure with the hurrying leaf,
Straining thy few late roses to thy breast,
With laughter over-gay, sweet eyes drooped down,
That none may guess thy grief.
Dare not to pause for rest
Lest the slow tears should gather to their fall.

But when the cold moon rises o'er the hill,
The last numb crickets cease, and all is still,
Face down thou liest on the frosty ground
Strewed with thy fortune's wreck, alas, thine all —

. . . . . .

There, on a winter dawn, thy corse I found,
Lone Spirit of the Fall.

Danske Dandridge.

DIES ULTIMA

White in her woven shroud,
  Silent she lies,
Deaf to the trumpets loud
  Blown through the skies;
Never a sound can mar
  Her slumber long:
She is a faded star, —
  A finished song!

Over her hangs the sun,
A golden glow;
Round her the planets run,
She does not know;
For neither gloom nor gleam
Can reach her sight:
She is a broken dream, —
A dead delight!

No voice can waken her
Again to sing;
She never more will stir
To feel the spring;
Through the dim ether hurled
Till Time shall tire,
She is a wasted world, —
A frozen fire!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

ON A GREEK VASE

Divinely shapen cup, thy lip
Unto me seemeth thus to speak:
"Behold in me the workmanship,
The grace and cunning of a Greek!

"Long ages since he mixed the clay,
Whose sense of symmetry was such,
The labor of a single day
Immortal grew beneath his touch.

"For dreaming while his fingers went
Around this slender neck of mine,

The form of her he loved was blent
With every matchless curve and line.

"Her loveliness to me he gave
Who gave unto herself his heart,
That love and beauty from the grave
Might rise and live again in art."

And hearing from thy lips this tale
Of love and skill, of art and grace,
Thou seem'st to me no more the frail
Memento of an older race:

But in thy form divinely wrought
And figured o'er with fret and scroll,
I dream, by happy chance was caught,
And dwelleth now, that maiden's soul.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay, I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn!
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft, —
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Or the moon that the midnight fills!

Still would I know the grace
Upon love's uplifted face,
And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee, spare me, Fate,
The woeful, wearying weight
Of a heart that feels no pain
At the sob of the Autumn rain,
And takes no breath of glee
From the organ-surge of the sea,—
Of a mind where memory broods
Over songless solitudes!
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Clinton Scollard.

KHAMSIN

Oh, the wind from the desert blew in! —
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert, blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery south,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And shriveled the fruit on the orange tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;

The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And, oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light;
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind,
Khamsin,
The wind from the desert, blew in!

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept,
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.

The tiny fledglings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast.
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread.
The plague! the plague! the plague!
Oh, the wind, Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert, blew in!

Clinton Scollard.

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

Hamlin Garland.

IN THE GRASS

O to lie in long grasses!
O to dream of the plain!
Where the west wind sings as it passes
A weird and unceasing refrain;
Where the rank grass wallows and tosses,
And the plains' ring dazzles the eye;
Where hardly a silver cloud bosses
The flashing steel arch of the sky.

To watch the gay gulls as they flutter
Like snowflakes and fall down the sky,
To swoop in the deeps of the hollows,
Where the crow's-foot tosses awry,
And gnats in the lee of the thickets
Are swirling like waltzers in glee
To the harsh, shrill creak of the crickets,
And the song of the lark and the bee.

O far-off plains of my west land!
O lands of winds and the free,
Swift deer —my mist-clad plain!
From my bed in the heart of the forest,
From the clasp and the girdle of pain,
Your light through my darkness passes;
To your meadows in dreaming I fly
To plunge in the deeps of your grasses,
To bask in the light of your sky!

Hamlin Garland.

THE CITY

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter-blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In that burgh of by and by
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

Richard Burton.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah, the touch of lips and hands, —
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear, —
These need I most, and now, and here.

Richard Burton.

THUS FAR

Because my life has lain so close to thine,
Because our hearts have kept a common beat,
Because thine eyes turned towards me frank and sweet
Reveal sometimes thine untold thoughts to mine,
Think not that I, by curious design,
Or over-step of too impetuous feet,
Could desecrate thy soul's supreme retreat,
Could disregard its quivering barrier-line.

Only a simple Levite, I, who stand
On the world's side of the most holy place,
Till, as the new day glorifies the east,
One come to lift the veil with reverent hand
And enter with thy soul's soul face to face, —
He whom thy God shall call to be high priest.

Sophie Jewett.

IN THE DARK

LORD, since the strongest human hands I know
Reach through my darkness, will not let me go,
Hold me as if most dear when fallen most low;

Since, even now, when my spent courage lies
Stricken beneath disastrous, quivering skies,
I learn the tenderness of human eyes;

Surely, though night unthinkable impend,
Where human hands nor human eyes befriend,
Thou wilt avail me in the lonely end.

Sophie Jewett.

A LITTLE WAY

A LITTLE way to walk with you, my own —
Only a little way,
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With thy heart far from mine,
'T would be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine!

Frank L. Stanton

FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart;
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end, —
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied — and this is Fate!

Susan Marr Spalding

BEGGARS

Child with the hungry eyes,
The pallid mouth and brow,
And the lifted, asking hands,
I am more starved than thou.

I beg not on the street;
But where the sinner stands,
In secret place, I beg
Of God, with outstretched hands.

As thou hast asked of me,
Raising thy downcast head,
So have I asked of Him,
So, trembling, have I plead.

Take this and go thy way;
Thy hunger shall soon cease.
Thou prayest but for bread,
And I, alas! for peace.

Ella Higginson.

A LITTLE PARABLE

I MADE the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed — if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

LOVE'S CHANGE

I WENT to dig a grave for Love,
But the earth was so stiff and cold
That, though I strove through the bitter night,
I could not break the mould.

And I said: "Must he lie in my house in state,
And stay in his wonted place?
Must I have him with me another day,
With that awful change in his face?"

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

CARE

ALL in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me by,
I knew the surging of the sea —
Though never wave were nigh.
All in the leafy darkness, unbroken by a star,
There came the clamorous call of day,
While yet the day was far.
All in the leafy darkness, woven with hushes deep,
I heard the vulture wings of Fear
Above me tireless sweep;
The sea of Doubt, the dread of day, upon me surged and swept
All in the leafy darkness,
And while the whole world slept.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

BEATI MORTUI

Blessed the Dead in Spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colours of a forest pool
Where Autumn sees
The splash of walnuts from her thinning trees.

Though wondered-at of some, yea, feared almost
As any chantry ghost,
How sight of these, in hermitage or mart,
Makes glad a wistful heart!
For life's apologetics read most true
In spirits risen anew,
Like larks in air
To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair,
And who from yonder parapet
Scorn every mortal fret,
And rain their sweet bewildering staves
Upon our furrow of fresh-delvèd graves.

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way
Makes men so wondrous gay,
So stripped and free and potently alive,
Who would not his infirmity survive,

And bathe in victory, and come to be
As blithe as ye,
Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;
Turn not away, too fugitive:
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,
And sit with us at meat,
And of your courtesy, on us unwise
Fix oft those purer eyes,
Till in ourselves who love them dwell
The same sure light ineffable:
Till they who walk with us in after years
Forgetting time and tears
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead:
"How blessed are the Dead!"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

SANCTUARY

High above hate I dwell:
O storms! farewell.
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall:
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars, like a dust, and leaves but love
behind.

Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees lip, or the new-weaned lamb;

With golden barberry-wreath,
And bluets thick beneath;
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
With bud-red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less than April fog below our hermitage.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE JUGGLER

Look how he throws them up and up,
The beautiful golden balls!
They hang aloft in the purple air,
And there never is one that falls.

He sends them hot from his steady hand,
He teaches them all their curves;
And whether the reach be little or long,
There never is one that swerves.

Some, like the tiny red one there,
He never lets go far;
And some he has sent to the roof of the tent,
To swim without a jar.

So white and still they seem to hang,
You wonder if he forgot
To reckon the time of their return
And measure their golden lot.

Can it be that, hurried or tired out,
The hand of the juggler shook?
O never you fear, his eye is clear,
He knows them all like a book.

And they will home to his hand at last,
For he pulls them by a cord
Finer than silk and strong as fate,
That is just the bid of his word.

Was there ever such a sight in the world?
Like a wonderful winding skein, —
The way he tangles them up together
And ravels them out again!

He has so many moving now,
You can hardly believe your eyes;
And yet they say he can handle twice
The number when he tries.

You take your choice and give me mine,
I know the one for me,
It's that great bluish one low down
Like a ship's light out at sea.

It has not moved for a minute or more.
The marvel that it can keep
As if it had been set there to spin
For a thousand years asleep!

If I could have him at the inn
All by myself some night, —
Inquire his country, and where in the world
He came by that cunning sleight!

Where do you guess he learned the trick
To hold us gaping here,
Till our minds in the spell of his maze almost
Have forgotten the time of year?

One never could have the least idea.
Yet why be disposed to twit
A fellow who does such wonderful things
With the merest lack of wit?

Likely enough, when the show is done
And the balls all back in his hand,
He'll tell us why he is smiling so,
And we shall understand.

Bliss Carman.

THE GRAVEDIGGER

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done.
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore, —
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made, they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago;

And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town;
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled;
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of eld were sung;
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And wilful she must have been,
That she could bide at his gruesome side
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home;
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
To handle the tallest mast;
From the royal barque to the slaver dark,
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore, —
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Bliss Carman.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love, —
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampton and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;

Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not, —
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's, —
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor, —
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground, —
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!

Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea, —
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
England!

Helen Gray Cone.

THE KAVANAGH

A STONE jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!

Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And a health to the one away,
Who drifts down careless Italy,
God's wanderer and estray!
For friends are more than Arno's stone
Of garnered charm, and he
Were blither with us here the night
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,
And let the warm night in!
Who knows what revelry in Mars
May rhyme with rouse akin?
Fill up and drain the loving cup
And leave no drop to waste!
The moon looks in to see what's up —
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll
Be now an idle thing?
The world is his who takes his toll,
A vagrant or a king.
What though the crown be melted down,
And the heir a gypsy roam?
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And the moonlight on the floor!
Who were a man to do with less?
What emperor has more?
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And three stout hearts to drain
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth
And the joy of the love of men.

Richard Hovey.

AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted!
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle, —
For, whether we're right or whether we're wrong,
There's a rose for every thistle.
Here's luck!
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
Here's luck!
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

Richard Hovey.

ON THE DEATH OF A METAPHYSICIAN

Unhappy dreamer, who outwinged in flight
The pleasant region of the things I love,
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
Warmth of the hearth, — blasphemer of delight,
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
The empty horror of abysmal night?
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
As, in your numbëd spirit's fatal swoon,
You cried you were a god, or were to be;
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

George Santayana.

KU KLUX

We have sent him seeds of the melon's core,
And nailed a warning upon his door:
By the Ku Klux laws we can do no more.

Down in the hollow, mid crib and stack,
The roof of his low-porched house looms black;
Not a line of light at the door-sill's crack.

Yet arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide!
And for a word too much men oft have died.

The clouds blow heavy toward the moon.
The edge of the storm will reach it soon.
The killdee cries and the lonesome loon.

The clouds shall flush with a wilder glare
Than the lightning makes with its angled flare,
When the Ku Klux verdict is given there.

In the pause of the thunder rolling low,
A rifle's answer — who shall know
From the wind's fierce hurl and the rain's black
blow?

Only the signature, written grim
At the end of the message brought to him —
A hempen rope and a twisted limb.

So arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide! —
For a word too much oft men have died.

Madison Cawein.

THE RAIN-CROW

Can freckled August, — drowsing warm and blonde
Beside a wheat-shock in the white-topped mead,
In her hot hair the oxeyed daisies wound, —
O bird of rain, lend aught but sleepy heed
To thee? when no plumed weed, no feather'd seed
Blows by her; and no ripple breaks the pond,
That gleams like flint between its rim of grasses,
Through which the dragonfly forever passes
Like splintered diamond.

Drouth weights the trees, and from the farmhouse eaves
The locust, pulse-beat of the summer day,
Throbs; and the lane, that shambles under leaves
Limp with the heat — a league of rutty way —
Is lost in dust; and sultry scents of hay
Breathe from the panting meadows heaped with sheaves.
Now, now, O bird, what hint is there of rain,
In thirsty heaven or on burning plain,
That thy keen eye perceives?

But thou art right. Thou prophesiest true.
For hardly hast thou ceased thy forecasting,
When, up the western fierceness of scorched blue,
Great water-carrier winds their buckets bring
Brimming with freshness. How their dippers ring
And flash and rumble! lavishing dark dew
On corn and forestland, that, streaming wet,
Their hilly backs against the downpour set,
Like giants vague in view.

The butterfly, safe under leaf and flower,
Has found a roof, knowing how true thou art;
The bumble-bee, within the last half-hour,
Has ceased to hug the honey to its heart;
While in the barnyard, under shed and cart,
Brood-hens have housed. — But I, who scorned thy power,
Barometer of birds, — like August there, —
Beneath a beech, dripping from foot to hair,
Like some drenched truant, cower.

Madison Cawein.

I FEAR NO POWER A WOMAN WIELDS

I FEAR no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields,
With comradeship alone of gun,
Gray marsh-wastes and the burning sun.

For aye the heart's most poignant pain
Will wear away 'neath hail and rain,
And rush of winds through branches bare
With something still to do and dare, —

The lonely watch beside the shore,
The wild-fowl's cry, the sweep of oar,
And paths of virgin sky to scan
Untrod, and so uncursed by man.

Gramercy, for thy haunting face,
Thy charm of voice and lissome grace,
I fear no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields.

Ernest McGaffey.

TO ARCADY

ACROSS the hills of Arcady
Into the Land of Song —
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
The way will not be long.

It does not lie through solitudes
Of wind-blown woods or sea;

Dear, no! the city's weariest moods
  May scarce veil Arcady.

'Tis in no unfamiliar land
  Lit by some distant star;
See! Arcady is where you stand,
  And song is where you are.

Then go but hand in hand with me —
  No road can lead us wrong;
Here are the hills of Arcady —
  This is the Land of Song.

Charles Buxton Going

THE EAST WIND

Gray-cowled wind of the east!
  Grimly you chant your psalter,
The sea your wild high-priest
  And the seething rocks your altar
On which, in fierce confusion
  While sad stars hide their eyes,
You fling your dread profusion
  Of human sacrifice.

And then, by hill and prairie
  As one who strives for rest,
As seeking sanctuary,
  Unhailed, unloved, unblest,
You still cry on, entraining
  Your clouds of spectral hosts —
Shivering and complaining,
  Eerie wind of the ghosts!

Charles Buxton Going.

LOVE SONG

I LOVE my life, but not too well
To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well.

Harriet Monroe.

A FAREWELL

GOOD-BYE! — no, do not grieve that it is over,
The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
Flits from the flower.

Grieve not — it is the law. Love will be flying —
Yes, love and all.
Glad was the living — blessed be the dying.
Let the leaves fall.

Harriet Monroe.

THE SHADOW-CHILD

Why do the wheels go whirring round,
Mother, mother?
Oh, mother, are they giants bound,
And will they growl forever?
Yes, fiery giants underground,
Daughter, little daughter,
Forever turn the wheels around,
And rumble-grumble ever.

Why do I pick the threads all day,
Mother, mother?
While sunshine children are at play?
And must I work forever?
Yes, shadow-child; the live-long day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Your hands must pick the threads away,
And feel the sunshine never.

Why do the birds sing in the sun,
Mother, mother?
If all day long I run and run,
Run with the wheels forever?
The birds may sing till day is done,
Daughter, little daughter,
But with the wheels your feet must run —
Run with the wheels forever.

Why do I feel so tired each night,
Mother, mother?
The wheels are always buzzing bright;
Do they grow sleepy never?

Oh, baby thing, so soft and white,
  Daughter, little daughter,
The big wheels grind us in their might,
  And they will grind forever.

And is the white thread never spun,
  Mother, mother?
And is the white cloth never done,
  For you and me done never?
Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun,
  Daughter, little daughter,
When we lie down out in the sun,
  And work no more forever.

And when will come that happy day,
  Mother, mother?
Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play
  Out in the sun forever?
Nay, shadow-child, we'll rest all day,
  Daughter, little daughter,
Where green grass grows and roses gay,
  There in the sun forever.

Harriet Monroe.

ONE DISTANT APRIL

Ah, worshipped one, ah, faithful Spring,
Again you come, again you bring
That flock of flowers from the fold
Where warm it slept while we were cold.

What shall we say to one so dear
Who keeps her promise every year?

Ah, hear me promise, and as true
As you to us am I to you:

Ne'er shall you come and as a child
Sit in the market piping mild,
With dance suggestion in your glance,
And I not dance, and I not dance!

But you the same will always be,
While ninety springs will alter me;
Yet truly as you come and play,
So truly will I dance, I say.

There is a strange thing to be seen
One distant April pink and green:
Before a young child piping sweet
An old child dancing with spent feet.

Gertrude Hall

FLOS AEVORUM

You must mean more than just this hour,
You perfect thing so subtly fair,
Simple and complex as a flower,
Wrought with such planetary care;
How patient the eternal power
That wove the marvel of your hair.

How long the sunlight and the sea
Wove and re-wove this rippling gold
To rhythms of eternity;
And many a flashing thing grew old,
Waiting this miracle to be;
And painted marvels manifold.

Still with his work unsatisfied,
  Eager each new effect to try,
The solemn artist cast aside
  Rainbow and shell and butterfly,
As some stern blacksmith scatters wide
  The sparks that from his anvil fly.

How many shells, whorl within whorl,
  Litter the marges of the sphere
With rack of unregarded pearl,
  To shape that little thing, your ear:
Creation, just to make one girl,
  Hath travailed with exceeding fear.

The moonlight of forgotten seas
  Dwells in your eyes, and on your tongue
The honey of a million bees,
  And all the sorrows of all song:
You are the ending of all these,
  The world grew old to make you young.

All time hath traveled to this rose;
  To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows;
  And Death and April, nights and days
Unnumbered, unimagined throes,
  Find in this flower their meeting place.

Strange artist, to my aching thought
  Give answer: all the patient power
That to this perfect ending wrought,
  Shall it mean nothing but an hour?
Say not that it is all for nought
  Time brings Eternity a flower.

Richard Le Gallienne.

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

WHAT of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms? And find we silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some strange faith our faces never dare, —
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere —
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call —
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass —
O is the Darkness too a lying glass!
Or undistracted, do you find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

Richard Le Gallienne.

INFINITY

I DARE not think that thou art by, to stand
And face omnipotence so near at hand!
When I consider thee, how must I shrink;
How must I say, I do not understand,
I dare not think!

I cannot stand before the thought of thee,
Infinite Fullness of Eternity!

So close that all the outlines of the land
Are lost, — in the inflowing of thy sea
I cannot stand.

I think of thee, and as the crystal bowl
Is broken, and the waters of the soul
Go down to death within the crystal sea,
I faint and fail when (thou, the perfect whole)
I think of thee.

Philip Henry Savage.

PANDORA SONG

I stood within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair, —
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,
The trees grow bare, and winter come;
All was the same as once it was
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart
I felt God walk and gaze about;
He spoke; his words seemed held apart
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said,
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,
And here my old despair.

"Here are my seasons: winter, spring,
Summer the same, and autumn spills
The fruits I look for; everything
As on my heavenly hills."

William Vaughn Moody.

"OF WOUNDS AND SORE DEFEAT"

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

William Vaughn Moody.

ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been blown;
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;

O, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

William Vaughn Moody.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

(New York Harbor, August 20, 1898)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthermost isles are free,
And the furthermost isles make answer, harbor, and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, " 'T is the Mother who calls! Be still!"
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep
in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened
stars!

Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannon-
ade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long
blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade
them rise and go, —
How, when the stirring summons smote on her chil-
dren's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the
whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should
meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then,
on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of
their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the strait: —
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the great gray ships come in!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

LULLABY

Bedtime's come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb,
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don' you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.

My, but you's a-runnin' wil',
Look jes' lak some po' folks' chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now — sich a sight!
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white?
Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' cain't hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Had n't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know wnut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y' ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don' you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

COMPENSATION

Because I had loved so deeply,
  Because I had loved so long,
God in his great compassion
  Gave me the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly,
  And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master, in infinite mercy,
  Offers the boon of Death.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE END

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Alcott, Amos Bronson. Born in Wolcott, Connecticut, 1799; died in Boston, 1888. Dean of the Concord School of Philosophy and intimately identified with the Transcendental movement and its promoters, Amos Bronson Alcott holds an interesting and picturesque place in American literary history. His published work alone would scarcely keep alive his name, consisting chiefly, as it does, of short essays, and expanded notes of his famous "Conversations," together with some poems of indifferent merit; but as a philosopher, a teacher, a liberator of thought, and the friend and spiritual colleague of Emerson, he is a distinct, even unique, figure in the little group of *illuminati* known as the "Transcendentalists."

Alcott, Louisa May. Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, 1832; died in Boston, 1888. As the daughter of the Concord philosopher, Louisa May Alcott spent her youth in association with her father's friends, Emerson, Thoreau, William Ellery Channing, Margaret Fuller, and others who made the period memorable. Fortunately, however, for the family of the philosopher, her talents ran in a more practical channel, and after trying her hand at many occupations, she found her true gift in writing stories for the young. Her work in this field still maintains its supremacy, particularly "Little Women," which has become a classic of child literature.

Aldrich, Anne Reeve. Born in New York City, 1866; died there, 1892. Miss Aldrich was the grand-niece of the poet, James Aldrich, and possessed a lyric gift just coming to its full expression when her untimely death occurred. Her two volumes of verse are, "The Rose of Flame" (1889) and "Songs About Love, Life, and Death."

Aldrich, James. Born in Mattituck, Long Island, 1810; died in New York City, 1856. Mr. Aldrich founded, in 1840, the "Literary Gazette," in which most of his poems appeared. No volume of his poems was issued during his life, but his daughter, Mrs. Ely, published in 1884 a small collection for private circulation.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836; died in Boston, March 19, 1907. There seems a certain incongruity in the fact that Thomas Bailey Aldrich, fastidious and exquisite artist, should have spent his early years in New York City journal-

ism and that his first recognition, at the age of seventeen, should have come from N. P. Willis, through whose favor he became a regular contributor to "The Mirror" and "Home Journal." New York City journalism at that period, however, commanded the services of a little group of elect spirits, rarely so conjoined, among whom Bayard Taylor, the Stoddards, Fitz-James O'Brien, William Winter, and Edmund Clarence Stedman held chief place. Stedman bears testimony to the charm and good-fellowship of Aldrich, who "added the zest and wit of his brilliant companionship to the gatherings of the bright young writers cheerily struggling for subsistence and reputation in that unfriendly time." His period of journalistic work in New York City, which extended over several years, was followed by a similar period in Boston where he edited the "Atlantic Monthly" from 1881 to 1890. While Aldrich has not deeply influenced American poetry, he has left a body of work of great beauty. He was always the artist and his briefest lyric has the touch of finality. In the short story he had a gift scarcely less distinguished, and he also wrote several plays, of which "Mercedes" was produced in Boston in 1893 and "Judith of Bethulia" in New York City in 1904. As Aldrich's entire poetical work has been brought together in a definitive edition, it is unnecessary to list the separate volumes.

Allen, Elizabeth Akers. Born Elizabeth Ann Chase, in Strong, Maine, 1832. She is popularly known as the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," although the authorship of the poem was long in doubt owing to the fact that Mrs. Allen began writing under the pseudonym of "Florence Percy" and afterwards changed to her own name, making some confusion in regard to her work.

Bates, Arlo. Born in East Machias, Maine, 1850. Graduated at Bowdoin College. Served for a period as editor of the "Boston Sunday Courier," but left journalism to become Professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has published several volumes of verse.

Beers, Ethelinda ("Ethel Lynn Beers"). Born in Goshen, New York, 1827; died at Orange, New Jersey, 1879. Her well-known poem, "The Picket Guard," which appeared in "Harper's Weekly" in 1861, was afterwards changed in its title to "All Quiet Along the Potomac," and her volume of poems issued in 1879 came out under this name.

Blake, Mary Elizabeth. Born in Dungarven, Ireland, 1840; died in Boston, 1907. Mrs. Blake's parents emigrated to America when she was but six years old and most of her life was spent in Boston. "In the Harbor of Hope" (1901) is one of her finest volumes.

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1823; died there, January 2, 1890. Boker was known chiefly as a dramatist and diplomat, although he published several collections of lyric verse. His poetic dramas, "Calaynos" and "Francesca di Rimini," were both popular stage successes. In lyric verse his best powers were called out by the Civil War and several of his poems became widely familiar. He entered the diplomatic service and was successively Minister to Turkey and to Russia. He is closely associated in his literary life with Bayard Taylor and Richard Henry Stoddard.

BONER, JOHN HENRY. Born in Salem, North Carolina, 1845; died in Washington, D.C., 1903. Mr. Boner spent his early youth in journalism in Salem and Asheville, North Carolina, leaving this work to become Chief Clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives. Later he entered the civil service at Washington, where he remained until 1887, when he returned to journalism, being connected with the "Literary Digest" and other periodicals. In his last years he reëntered bureau work in Washington. His volume of poems, "Whispering Pines," was published in 1883.

BROWN, JOSEPH BROWNLEE. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1824; died in Brooklyn, New York, 1888. Graduated at Dartmouth College. Became identified with the cult of Transcendentalism in its later phases, and contributed frequently to the "Atlantic Monthly." He is chiefly known for the fine sonnet contained in this collection.

BROWNELL, HENRY HOWARD. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 6, 1820; died in Hartford, Connecticut, 1872. His early years were spent in the practice of the law which he abandoned for literature, and at the outset of the Civil War a poem of his upon Farragut having attracted that commander's attention, Brownell was appointed as acting ensign on board the "Hartford." He witnessed the battle of Mobile Bay and at the close of the war accompanied Farragut upon his European cruise.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. Born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794; died in New York City, June 12, 1878. Although his final fame will rest upon a few poems written in his early youth, the dignity, even majesty, of much of Bryant's work and its fineness of execution place it among the nobler forces of American literature. The precocious development of Bryant's poetic faculty has seldom been paralleled. At thirteen he published a poem on the "Progress of Knowledge" and followed this, at fourteen, with a philippic of a political nature entitled "The Embargo." While these poems had no value beyond the moment, they served as

technical preparation for "Thanatopsis," written three years later when Bryant was but seventeen. There is perhaps a connection between the mature thought and grave beauty of the poem and the fact that Bryant's early youth held much disappointment and frustration. His father had little sympathy with his poetic aims and often severely criticized his early attempts at verse. He was disappointed also in obtaining a college education, and, after a year at Williams, was compelled to leave and take up the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1815 and practiced his profession in New England cities for the next ten years. A few months after "Thanatopsis" was published in the "North American Review," appeared in the same magazine the exquisite "Hymn to a Waterfowl." The two finest expressions of his genius were, therefore, the product of his early youth. The second and longer period of Bryant's life began in 1825 when he abandoned the law and went to New York City to try his fate in literature. He soon became connected with the "Evening Post" as associate editor, and in 1828 succeeded to the editorship which he held for the remaining fifty years of his life. Under his influence the "Post" became a power both in the literary and political life of America and Bryant was more and more absorbed in its fortunes and less able to detach himself from public interests to the more intimate ones which form the inspiration of poetry. He continued to publish volumes of verse, but the early books contain all that is important of his work. He came to be looked upon in his venerable and beautiful age as the embodiment of all that is fine and worthy, and earned the distinction of being called "the first citizen of the Republic."

Bunner, Henry Cuyler. Born in Oswego, New York, August 3, 1855; died in Nutley, New Jersey, May 11, 1896. Mr. Bunner was for many years the editor of "Puck," and wrote much in lighter vein, but had a lyric gift of a higher order as his charming and delicate "Arcady" shows. He was always the artist and approached every theme with a sure touch. His volumes of verse, "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" and "Rowan," were combined and edited by his friend Brander Matthews in 1896.

Burroughs, John. Born in Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. The foremost naturalist of America, Mr. Burroughs is also one of the foremost men of letters and has the distinction of having been one of the first to recognize and proclaim the genius of Walt Whitman. As a naturalist Mr. Burroughs has long maintained supremacy in his field, and the many volumes which record his observations are valuable not only for the accuracy of their information, but for the

philosophy deduced from a lifelong association with nature. In poetry he is chiefly known for the lyric "Waiting," written in his youth, although he has also written sympathetically of bird life and other phases of nature.

BURTON, RICHARD. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 14, 1859. Educated at Trinity College and Johns Hopkins University. He entered journalism and became literary editor of the "Hartford Courant" and later of the Lothrop Publishing Company. In 1906 he became the head of the English Department of the University of Minnesota which position he still holds. Dr. Burton has published many volumes of poetry and several critical works upon the drama. Among the former one may cite as most representative "Dumb in June" (1895); "Lyrics of Brotherhood" (1899); and "Poems of Earth's Meaning" (1917).

CARMAN, BLISS. Although so long a resident of the United States that he belongs among our poets, Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, April 15, 1861. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, at Harvard, and at Edinburgh. Like most poets Mr. Carman served his period in journalism, being office editor of the "Independent" from 1890 to 1892 and editor of "The Chap Book" in 1894. He has, however, given almost his sole allegiance to poetry and has published many books, chiefly of nature, interspersed with volumes dealing with myth or mysticism. His first volume, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," revealed at the outset his remarkable lyric gift and his sensitive feeling for nature. In collaboration with Richard Hovey he did the well-known "Vagabondia Books," which introduced a new note into American poetry, and appearing, as they did, in the nineties, formed a wholesome contrast to some of the work then emanating from the "Decadent School" in England. Among the finest of Mr. Carman's volumes, aside from his work with Richard Hovey, are "Behind the Arras, A Book of the Unseen" (1895); "Ballads of Lost Haven" (1897); "By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies" (1899); "The Green Book of the Bards" (1898); "Pipes of Pan" (1902); "Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics" (1903).

CARRUTH, WILLIAM HERBERT. Born in Osawatomie, Kansas, April 5, 1859. Educated at the University of Kansas and at Harvard. He became a teacher of English at his *alma mater*, the University of Kansas, but in 1913 accepted the position of Professor of Comparative Literature and head of the English Department at Leland Stanford University, in California, where he remains. His poem, "Each in His Own Tongue," which forms the title of his volume of verse, is widely known.

CARRYL, GUY WETMORE. Born in New York City, 1873; died there, 1904. Educated at Columbia University, Mr. Carryl served in several journalistic capacities before he became the Paris representative of Harper & Brothers. Author of "Fables for the Frivolous" (1898). A volume of his poems was published by his family after his death.

CARY, ALICE. Born in the Miami Valley, Ohio, 1820; died in New York City in 1871. "Poems by Alice and Phœbe Cary" appeared in 1850 and had in their day a wide vogue. Soon after their publication the sisters came to New York where their weekly receptions became gathering places for the writers of the time. Alice Cary was the more prolific writer, but her work has not endured, nor, indeed, has that of Phœbe with the exception of her poem, "Nearer Home," which has become one of the classic hymns of our literature.

CARY, PHŒBE. Born near Cincinnati in 1824; died in New York City in 1871. She was the author of "Poems and Parodies" and "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love."

CAWEIN, MADISON. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865; died there, December 7, 1915. Educated in the public schools of his native city. He began writing very early and published his first book of verse, "Blooms of the Berry," when but twenty-two years of age. From that time until his death in 1915 he published many volumes of poetry inspired chiefly by the theme of nature. "Complete Poetical Works" (5 volumes, 1907); "New Poems" (London, 1909); "Poems," a selection from the "Complete Works" (1911), contain his finest verse. Mr. Cawein was distinctly the creator of his own field. From the publication of his first little volume, "Blooms of the Berry," he had made himself the intimate, almost the mystic, comrade of nature. Beauty was his religion and he spent his life learning the ways and moods of nature and declaring them in poetry rich in imagination. He had the naturalist's eagerness for truth and the accuracy of his observation gives to his work a background that adds greatly to its value.

CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE. Born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, 1840; died in Brooklyn, New York. 1904. Mr. Chadwick was a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School and for many years pastor of the Liberal Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn.

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY. Born in Boston, 1818; died in Concord, Massachusetts, 1901. A nephew of the eminent divine, for whom he was named, William Ellery Channing, after graduation at Harvard and a short period of journalistic work in New York City, settled at Concord where he was in intimate touch with Thoreau, Emerson, and

Alcott. His wife was a sister of Margaret Fuller. Channing did some excellent poetry, although he was one of the group that fell under the ban of Poe.

Cheney, John Vance. Born in Groveland, New York, December 29, 1848. Educated at Temple Hill Academy in Geneseo, New York. After a short period of teaching and of practicing law, he became the librarian of the Free Public Library of San Francisco and held this position from 1887 to 1894 when he accepted a similar one at the Newberry Library of Chicago, where he remained until 1899. Since that date he has resided in California where he devotes his time to literary work.

Cloud, Virginia Woodward. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, 186–. Educated at private schools. Miss Cloud is literary editor of the "Baltimore News," and is a writer of stories, criticism, and poetry.

Coates, Florence Earle. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 185–. Educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, and at Brussels. Mrs. Coates's work is always distinguished by fineness of execution and elevation of mood. "Poems," Collected Edition, in two volumes (1916), contains all of her representative verse.

Cone, Helen Gray. Born in New York City, March 8, 1859. Graduated at the Normal College of New York City in 1876. Miss Cone has been Professor of English Literature at her *alma mater* since 1899. She is a poet of strongly individual gifts and has given to our literature an admirable body of verse.

Coolbrith, Ina Donna. Born near Springfield, Illinois, 184–, although most of her life has been spent in California where she had as intimate friends Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and others who made memorable the literary history of that State. At the Panama Exposition, held in 1915, Miss Coolbrith was the recipient of many honors from the State of California. Her volumes are, "A Perfect Day, and Other Poems," and "Songs from the Golden Gate."

Cranch, Christopher Pearse. Born in Alexandria, Virginia, 1813; died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1892. After a short period devoted to the Unitarian ministry during which he was identified with the "Transcendentalists," he left the ministry to devote himself to painting and spent several years in study abroad. His work in painting was varied by the writing of poetry of which he left several volumes.

Curtis, George William. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1842; died in Staten Island, New York, August 31, 1892. One of the youngest of the idealists who

joined the Brook Farm Community and participated in the picturesque life of that period, George William Curtis remained throughout his life an idealist, but of a more practical sort. He was identified with many movements for social reform, was an accomplished public speaker, and a man of great charm of personality. He wrote little verse, but his prose is suffused with poetry. His fame rests chiefly upon the "Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I."

DANA, RICHARD HENRY. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 5, 1787; died in Boston, February 2, 1879. One of the foremost men of letters of his day, Richard Henry Dana had also an important public career. He was involved in the "Student's Rebellion" of 1807 at Harvard and left college without graduation, but entered at once upon the study of the law and after admission to the bar became active in politics and was sent to the Massachusetts Legislature. Literature became more attractive to him, however, than public affairs and he left the law to become one of the editors of the "North American Review." He was a critic of fine discrimination and was one of the first in America to appreciate Wordsworth.

DANDRIDGE, DANSKE. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, 186–. Author of "Joy and Other Poems" (1888); "Rose Brake" (1890).

DICKINSON, EMILY. Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, 1830; died there, 1886. Purely original and authentic, the genius of Emily Dickinson is distinct from that of any other lyric poet of America. The sparse, epigrammatic phrase, and the fact that the briefest lyric exists but to embody some bit of philosophy, combine to give unique distinction to all that Emily Dickinson wrote. Her life was spent in great seclusion in her native town of Amherst and few knew that she had written poetry. In 1862 she so far overcame her reserve as to write to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, enclosing four poems for criticism. Colonel Higginson was not slow to see that a poet of no common order had appealed to him and a correspondence was established which resulted in a few of the poems being printed during her lifetime and in the posthumous volume, "Poems of Emily Dickinson, edited by two of her Friends, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd" (1890). A second series was edited by the same friends and a third, "The Single Hound," by her niece, Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.

DORR, JULIA C. R. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1825; died in Rutland, Vermont, 1913. A woman of great cultivation and charm, Mrs. Dorr was also a poet of no inconsiderable gift. Her long life spanned a period of great

events in America, in which she bore a part, and her work reflects the fine quality of her nature. Her "Complete Poems" were brought out in 1892, but were followed in1909 by a collection called "Beyond the Sunset."

Drake, Joseph Rodman. Born in New York City, August 17, 1795; died there September 21, 1820. The short life of Joseph Rodman Drake has a romantic interest, not only for the charm of his personality and his association with Fitz-Greene Halleck who enshrined his memory in an imperishable lyric, but because of the valor with which he met the doom that overtook him. Dying at twenty-five, after four years' struggle with tuberculosis, Drake's bright spirit asserted itself to the last and the series of witty poems which appeared in the "Evening Post" under the title of "The Croakers," pleasantly satirizing local celebrities and events, were written when his illness was already far advanced. Part of these were in collaboration with Halleck. Drake's long poem, "The Culprit Fay," with its charming fancy, was written as a refutation of the charge that American rivers have no romantic associations. Drake's early boyhood was a struggle with poverty, but he managed to secure an education and fitted himself to be a physician. In the outward aspects of his life the analogy with Keats is striking. Drake's poems, containing his patriotic classic, "The American Flag," were published in 1836 by his daughter under the title of "The Culprit Fay, and Other Poems."

Dunbar, Paul Laurence. Born in Dayton, Ohio, 1872; died in 1906. Of African blood, Paul Laurence Dunbar did very significant and important work in revealing the negro life and character. He was a natural lyrist and his poems have tenderness, humor, and pathos, as well as racial charm. Dunbar spent a short time in newspaper work and was then given a position in the Library of Congress, which allowed him more leisure for his art. His best collections are "Lyrics of Lowly Life" (1896), and "Lyrics of the Hearthside" (1899).

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Born in Boston, May 25, 1803; died in Concord, Massachusetts, April 27, 1882. Descended from generations of ministers, and with the Puritan traditions strong within him, Emerson belonged to what Holmes termed the "Brahmin caste" of New England. He was but a child when his father died, and his boyhood was passed under conditions which necessitated more or less of self-denial. At Harvard, where he entered when but thirteen, he earned his lodgings by holding the post of "President's Freshman" — an official messenger boy. Later he served as a waiter at the College Commons, thus demonstrating at the

outset his practical qualities. After graduation he taught in a private school conducted by his brother, in Boston, combining this work with studying for the ministry, to which he was ordained in 1829. The same year he married Miss Ellen Tucker, who lived but a short time. Several of his early lyrics addressed to his wife, or in memory of her, show the beauty of her character and personality. Not long after his wife's death Emerson resigned his pastorate of the Second Church in Boston and also, because of his broadening views, withdrew from the ministry as an active vocation. He frequently preached in the succeeding years, but would never accept a call to a permanent pastorate. The lecture platform became his pulpit, one from which his luminous spirit shed its far-reaching influence for nearly fifty years. After resigning his ministry, Emerson went abroad and met many of the great writers of the time. In Florence he visited Landor, in his villa on the olive slopes below Fiesole. In London he met Coleridge, still enchanting his disciples. He journeyed into the Lake Country and visited Wordsworth, who recited his poems to him, pacing back and forth in the garden at Rydal Mount; but most important of all, he met Carlyle, with whom he formed a lifelong friendship and one of mutual helpfulness. The correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, extending over a long period, is indispensable to the fullest understanding of each. After returning from abroad, Emerson settled at Concord and soon after married Miss Lidian Jackson. Here, with Thoreau, Channing, Alcott, and others as his neighbors, he began the productive period of his life. He had published no books up to this time, but in the following year appeared "Nature," not widely acclaimed, but recognized at once by the discerning. This was followed by "The American Scholar," an address delivered at Harvard, containing a plea for intellectual independence and freedom from European domination. Lowell, still a student at Harvard, records the excitement attending the event—"What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of dissent!" From this period volumes of essays followed each other at intervals of three or four years. They cover every phase of human conduct, every expression of the intellectual and spiritual life, and place Emerson among the great thinkers and seers of the world. It would be impossible in a brief sketch to take up particular phases of Emerson's philosophy, but perhaps the two greatest and most typical essays are "Self-Reliance" and "The Over-Soul," and as one may measure a complete circle from a segment of it, one may, from these two essays alone, gain a deep insight into the phi-

losophy of Emerson. His entire work, including the several volumes of essays, the two longer books, "Representative Men" and "English Traits," and his poetry, forms an edition of eleven volumes. While it may seem disproportionate that only one of these is poetry, so completely does it contain the essence of Emerson's thought, and with such crystallization, such finality, is it presented, that it would not be extreme to predict that this one volume may outlast the ten of prose. The "Threnody," written after the death of his little son, is a poem of great feeling and beauty, but for the true, the typical, flavor of Emerson, one must turn to the more epigrammatic work, to that which packs into a few lines something of eternal import.

FAWCETT, EDGAR. Born in New York City, May 26, 1847; died in London, 1904. Educated at Columbia University. Mr. Fawcett gave his entire time to literature, producing many novels and several volumes of poetry. For some years prior to his death, he resided in London.

FIELD, EUGENE. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 3, 1850; died in Chicago, Illinois, November 4, 1895. Field received his early education at Amherst and later at Williams and Knox Colleges and the University of Missouri. He started his public life as a journalist, working upon papers in St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver until he became associated with the "Chicago Daily News," where he remained until his death. Before going to Chicago he had done chiefly light and humorous work, but after forming a permanent connection with the "Daily News" he turned his attention to poetry and prose of a higher quality. In 1889 he published "A Little Book of Western Verse," which not only established him firmly as a poet, but contained many songs of child life which are among the choicest in English literature. His fame will continue to rest largely upon this book, although it was supplemented by several others almost equally fine.

FIELDS, ANNIE. Born in Boston, 1834; died there, 1915. Mrs. Fields was the wife of James T. Fields, of the famous publishing house under whose imprint appeared the early work of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and other New England poets. From her intimate association with this group, Mrs. Fields did some delightful volumes of reminiscence and biography, notably "Authors and Friends" (1896) and personal studies of Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and James T. Fields. Her books of verse are "Under the Olives" (1880) and "The Singing Shepherd" (1895).

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES. Born in Ithaca, New York, 1827; died, 1907. Although Francis Miles Finch graduated from

Yale University in 1849 as the poet of his class, he quickly became absorbed in the practice of the law in his native city of Ithaca, where he remained until 1881 when he was elected to the New York Court of Appeals. In 1892 he became dean of the Law School of Cornell University. His early promise as a poet was fulfilled only in "The Blue and The Gray" which was published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1867 and has become one of the classics of the Civil War.

Freneau, Philip. Born in New York City, 1752; died near Monmouth, New Jersey, 1832. The earliest of our poets to display a lyric gift capable of sustained exercise, Philip Freneau left a body of poetic work important for its formative influence upon his immediate successors and notable in itself, when considered from the period which produced it. Freneau's work was chiefly done prior to the Romantic Movement in England, before lyric poetry had received the great impetus and liberation which came with that movement and before poetic form had been released from its classic restraints. There was no poetic school in America, no master to emulate, no atmosphere to stimulate a young poet. Freneau was a pioneer, and one is surprised at the fresh note which still gives a modern touch to some of his lyrics. His personal life was active and adventurous and spanned the great period of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and other events of moment in our history. For several years Freneau followed the sea, making voyages to the West Indies and other ports, often in command of merchant vessels. In 1780 his ship was captured and all on board were taken prisoners. Freneau has recorded the adventure in a poem of four cantos, "The British Prison Ship." After leaving sea life Freneau became a journalist.

Garland, Hamlin, born in West Salem, Wisconsin, 1860. Mr. Garland is chiefly known as a novelist, although he has written some stirring poetry of the great West. His early youth was spent in teaching in Illinois and in Boston at the School of Oratory, but during this period he was also engaged in literary work which he has pursued exclusively since that date. His volume of poems, "Prairie Songs," was published in 1893.

Gilder, Richard Watson, born in Bordentown, New Jersey, February 8, 1844; died in New York City, 1909. Mr. Gilder was one of the great editors of America, having been connected with the "Century Magazine" (formerly "Scribner's Monthly") from its founding in 1870 until his death about forty years later. He was associate editor during the incumbency of J. G. Holland, but at his death, in 1881, became editor-in-chief. When very young, during the Confederate

invasion of Pennsylvania, he served in Landis's Philadelphia Battery, and had also a short period of studying law before he entered journalism. In his later years Mr. Gilder was active in many social reforms and never permitted literature to detach him from life. As a poet his work has a fine, if sometimes austere, quality. In the lyric, however, he was free and spontaneous and his best work is in a group of his songs.

Going, Charles Buxton. Born in Westchester, New York, 1863. Educated at Columbia University. Mr. Going is a poet who combines scientific and literary pursuits, being editor of the "Engineering Magazine" of New York. His volumes of poetry are, "Summer Fallow" (1892); "Star-Glow and Song" (1909).

Guiney, Louise Imogen. Born in Boston, January 7, 1861. Educated in the private schools of Boston and the Sacred Heart Convent in Providence. Her father, Patrick Guiney, was a brigadier-general in the Civil War and Miss Guiney's work was much influenced by this background of association. The symbolism of her poetry is frequently drawn from battle or from knight-errantry, as in "The Wild Ride," "The Kings," "The Vigil-at-Arms," "The Knight Errant," "Memorial Day," etc. Valor, transmuted to a spiritual quality, may, indeed, be said to be the keynote of Miss Guiney's work. Add to this a mystical element, best illustrated in her poem, "Beati Mortui," a Celtic note, shown so exquisitely in her "Irish Peasant Song," and one has the more obvious characteristics of poetry that, whatever its theme, is always distinguished and individual. "Happy Ending" (1909) contains what she wishes to preserve of her work.

Hall, Gertrude. Born in Boston, 186–. Educated in Italy. Of recent years Miss Hall has devoted herself almost entirely to fiction and to French translation, having made an excellent rendering of the work of Paul Verlaine and of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Chantecler." Her own poetry includes "Verses" (1890); "Allegretto" (1894); and "The Age of Fairy Gold" (1899).

Halleck, Fitz-Greene. Born in Guildford, Connecticut, July 8, 1790; died there, November, 1867. Halleck is inseparably identified with Joseph Rodman Drake with whom he collaborated in the satirical "Croaker" papers, and whose memory he celebrated in a lyric which is Halleck's own best warrant to fame. Unlike his friend Drake, whose short life was spent in literary associations, Halleck was in business pursuits or in clerical work during the greater part of his life. At twenty-one, he came to New York City and entered the banking house of John Jacob Astor, who, at his death, pensioned Halleck and made it possible for him to retire to his

native Guildford and spend his last years in the enjoyment of much that had been denied him in youth. His creative period, however, was chiefly over and the work which perpetuates his name was done either in the years of his association with Drake or soon after. "Marco Bozarris," best known to the people, was first printed by Bryant in the "New York Review."

HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE. Born in Andover, Massachusetts, August 13, 1847. Educated at West Point and graduated in 1868 with the rank of second lieutenant. He remained in the army but a short time, however, and became a teacher, holding successively the positions of Professor of Civil Engineering at Iowa College and of Mathematics at Dartmouth. Later he entered the diplomatic service and was in turn Minister to Persia and to Greece. He is the author of "Francesca di Rimini," a poem (1878), and of several novels.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET. Born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839; died in Camberley, England, May 6, 1902. The life of Bret Harte spanned the picturesque period of the building-up of the great West, particularly of California in the years immediately succeeding the rush to the gold fields. Harte was still a lad when he went to California and though he had himself received but a common-school education, he began life in California as a teacher, leaving this occupation for mining, printing, carrying express, or whatever work he could obtain, until he formed an editorial connection with the "Golden Era" of San Francisco. This gave him the opportunity to develop and exercise his original talent and his stories, sketches, and poems soon began to attract attention. He edited in turn "The Californian," a weekly paper in which his "Condensed Novels" were published, and "The Overland Monthly," whose second number was distinguished by "The Luck of Roaring Camp." During the four years in which he was connected with the "Overland Monthly" much of his most characteristic work, including the humorous poem, "Plain Talk from Truthful James," appeared in its pages. From this period the course of his life changed completely. He removed to the Atlantic Coast and in 1878 was appointed United States Consul to Crefeld, Germany. Two years later he was transferred to the consulate at Glasgow, Scotland, where he remained five years and upon his retirement took up a permanent residence in England. Most of the work upon which his fame rests was done prior to his entry into the diplomatic service. The pioneer life of the West lives in his stories and poems with their sharply delineated types, their racy humor, their sentiment and pathos. His stories and poems are now collected into complete editions.

HAY, JOHN. Born in Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838; died in Newbury, New Hampshire, July 1, 1905. One of the greatest diplomats and statesmen in the last half of the nineteenth century, John Hay was also a cultivated man of letters and a poet of a native, though limited, vein. Educated at Brown University and admitted to the bar in 1861, he obeyed the call of public events and after serving, not only as secretary to Lincoln, but as his adjutant and aide-de-camp, went to the front and won successive ranks, to that of colonel. After a period in minor diplomatic service at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, he returned to America and became associated with the editorial staff of the "New York Tribune," to which he contributed from time to time his "Pike County Ballads." He reëntered public service and was Assistant Secretary of State under President Hayes. It was not, however, until 1897, when he was sent as Ambassador to Great Britain, that his high qualities as a diplomat were given their full opportunity. He was recalled to enter President McKinley's Cabinet in 1898, as Secretary of State, where his wide experience was valuable during the Spanish-American War. He was retained in this high office by President Roosevelt and occupied it at the time of his death.

HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830; died in Grovetown, Georgia, July 6, 1886. The early youth of Paul Hamilton Hayne was spent, like that of many poets, in journalism, although he was educated for a lawyer. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he entered the Confederate army and became a colonel. Broken in health by service in the war and his home having been destroyed, he moved to "Copse Hill" in the pine barrens near Augusta, Georgia, where he lived until his death. Hayne long held the honor of being the foremost Southern poet and was widely known and loved.

HIGGINSON, ELLA. Born in Council Grove, Kansas, 186–. Mrs. Higginson is the author of several volumes of stories and poems. "When the Birds Go North Again" is perhaps her best-known book of verse.

HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER. Born in Machias, Maine, 1844. Married in 1879 to Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, author of "Seashore and Prairie, Stories and Sketches" (1876), and, in collaboration with Colonel Higginson, "Such as They Are," a book of poems (1893).

HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 22, 1823; died there, 1911. Minister, reformer, soldier, historian, critic, and poet, Colonel Higginson touched life at many points, both in action and contemplation. He maintained always the happy balance between

these phases of experience and neither permitted the lure of scholarship and literature to draw him from life nor the demands of life to rob him of his sanctuary in the arts. The ripeness of culture, the enrichment of great friendships, the association with historic events, gave to his genial age a particular mellowness and beauty. His youth was similar to that of Emerson. He graduated at Harvard, became a teacher, and entered the liberal ministry. Here, however, the parallel ends, since Colonel Higginson's life in the next few years was actively spent in the anti-slavery agitation. In the Civil War, after the Emancipation Proclamation, he was colonel of the first colored regiment of the Federal army and served in the South Carolina and Florida campaigns. After the war he retired to Cambridge where his later years were spent in writing and lecturing.

Hoffman, Charles Fenno. Born in New York City, 1806; died in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1884. The life of Charles Fenno Hoffman was spent in active journalism in which he held many important positions. He was educated at Columbia and practiced law for a short time in New York City. He suffered a mental breakdown, in 1849, and was obliged to spend the rest of his life in retirement. He lives chiefly by the stirring ballad, "Monterey."

Holland, Josiah Gilbert. Born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, July 24, 1819; died in New York City, October 12, 1881. J. G. Holland, as he was commonly called, was widely read in his own day, particularly his narrative poems, "Bitter Sweet," "Katrina," and "The Mistress of the Manse," which satisfied the combined taste for poetry and fiction. He has perhaps a more enduring monument in the "Century Magazine" (founded by him as "Scribner's Monthly") which he edited until his death. He was educated in medicine and was a practicing physician until he left this field in 1849 to become associated with the "Springfield Republican" where he remained on the editorial staff until 1866. The "Republican" printed "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" which won instant popularity. "Garnered Sheaves," Holland's collected poems, were published in 1873.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. The remarkable vitality and versatility of Dr. Holmes enabled him through a long life to pursue a scientific and an artistic profession side by side and to distinguish himself equally in both. Educated at Andover and at Harvard, his first study was of the law which he abandoned for medicine. He became known as one of the investigating minds of the medical profession and held successively the chair of Anat-

omy and Physiology at Dartmouth College and at Harvard University, retaining the latter for nearly forty years. One cannot define Dr. Holmes, however, in terms of cold science. He was the scholar, the wit, the *littérateur*, the urbane and exquisite gentleman, in short, the unique product of New England culture when it still possessed a distinctive flavor. It is certain that Dr. Holmes will live through the tradition of his personality quite as long as through his work, or it may be more just to say that the reflection of his personality in his work gives to it a human charm that constitutes a great part of its literary value. So much of his work was written for occasion, so much of it was frankly ephemeral, that it needs much sifting before one comes to the little group of poems that carry their warrant of perpetuity. In prose, the genial and rich spirit of Holmes was at its best in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." These essays, published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in its early years, were followed by the less successful series of "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Between the last two series appeared the novels, negligible in a final appraisal of his work, but popular in their own day, of "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel."

Hovey, Richard. Born in Normal, Illinois, May 4, 1864; died February 24, 1900. He received his early education at Dartmouth College, which he afterward celebrated in several of his best-known poems. In collaboration with Bliss Carman he did the well-known "Vagabondia Books" — "Songs from Vagabondia" (1894); "More Songs from Vagabondia" (1896) "Last Songs from Vagabondia" (1900) — books whose freshness and charm immediately won them a place in public favor that time has not lessened. Aside from his work with Mr. Carman and his lyric collection, "Along the Trail" (1898), Hovey did a remarkable group of poetic dramas built upon the Arthurian legend and issued separately under the titles, "The Quest of Merlin: A Masque," "The Marriage of Guenevere: A Tragedy," "The Birth of Galahad: A Romantic Drama," "Taliesin: A Masque." These were but part of the dramas projected in the cycle and a fragment of the next to be issued, "The Holy Grail," was published, with explanatory notes of the whole series, in 1907. The dramas stand for a dramatic achievement of a high order, and contain poetry of great beauty, reaching at times, in the lyric masque of "Taliesin," an almost consummate expression. Richard Hovey was, indeed, both in lyric and dramatic work, a poet of rare endowment and his early death was a distinct loss to American letters.

Howe, Julia Ward. Born in New York City, May 27,

1819; died in Boston, 1910. With the exception of her one great poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Julia Ward Howe will be remembered rather as a constructive reformer than as a poet. From the time of her marriage, in 1843, to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, she was actively identified with all great public movements of her time. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written in 1861 when Mrs. Howe, in company with the Secretary of War, visited the military camps near Washington. When the review was over, the soldiers thronged about the camp singing "John Brown's Body." Mrs. Howe, as she afterward related, was greatly stirred by the incident, but impressed by the inadequacy of the words to so fine a martial air. That night she awakened with the first stanza of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" complete in her mind and before morning the entire poem had taken shape.

Howells, William Dean. Born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837. Mr. Howells has long been the acknowledged master of American fiction and the creator in America of what may be termed the naturalistic movement in this art. His early life followed the line of development of many an ambitious boy. His father was an editor at Hamilton, Ohio, and it was as a typesetter on his father's paper that Howells did his first work. After serving a general journalistic apprenticeship, at the age of twenty-one he became one of the editors of the Columbus, Ohio, "State Journal." Two years later, with the Ohio poet, John Piatt, he made his first incursion into verse with "Poems of Two Friends." The diplomatic service next called him and from 1861 to 1865 he served as United States Consul to Venice. These delightful years, whose record is preserved in "Venetian Days" and "Italian Journeys," were sources of enrichment for Mr. Howells's future work. After returning to America he became editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," a position which he filled for ten years. In poetry Mr. Howells has published little, but in fiction he has been a voluminous writer and several of his novels, such as "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Annie Kilburn," and "A Hazard of New Fortunes," have become classics.

Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay (Mrs. Royal Cortissoz) Born in Caledonia, New York, Mrs. Cortissoz was for many years connected with the "New York Tribune." She has written little of late, but in the eighties and early nineties her work was among the choicest of the period and her lyrics and ballads of colonial life were particularly charming.

Ingalls, John James. Born in Middleton, Massachusetts, 1833; died in 1900. Mr. Ingalls was a well-known law-

yer and journalist, but became active in politics and served for many years in the United States Senate. He is remembered for the sonnet, "Opportunity."

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT. Born Helen Maria Fiske, in Amherst, Massachusetts, October 18, 1831; died August 12, 1885. Married in early youth to Captain Edward Hunt, of the United States Army, she became interested in the problem of the Indian, and in 1881, after the death of her husband and her marriage to William S. Jackson, of Colorado Springs, she published the stirring arraignment, "A Century of Dishonor." This brought her the appointment to examine the condition of the Mission Indians of California, a position whose literary fruit was the beautiful story of "Ramona." In poetry Mrs. Jackson published, under her initials, "H. H.," a volume in 1870 and "Sonnets and Lyrics" in 1876.

JEWETT, SOPHIE. Born in Moravia, New York, 1861; died, 1909. Miss Jewett was Associate Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College. She had a lyric gift of great delicacy and her early death was a loss to American poetry, Her collected work was issued after her death.

JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD. Born in Washington, D.C., January 12, 1853. Mr. Johnson was identified for many years with the "Century Magazine" as associate editor and, upon the death of Richard Watson Gilder, succeeded to the editorship, which he held for several years. He was actively identified also with the movement to secure international copyright and was decorated by the French and the Italian Governments for his service in this work. His collected poems were published in 1902, and an enlarged edition in 1908.

KENYON, JAMES B. Born in Frankfort, New York, 1858. Mr. Kenyon was formerly in the Methodist Episcopal ministry, but has spent his recent years in writing.

LANIER, SIDNEY. Born in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842; died in Lynn, North Carolina, September 7, 1881. Sidney Lanier was one of those fine spirits who come among us now and then to reaffirm the beautiful and then pass, leaving a quickened sense of the value of living. From the outset Lanier was impelled by his enthusiasms and at eighteen enlisted in the Confederate army and served until nearly the end of the war, when he was taken prisoner while trying to run a blockade. Five months of captivity at Point Lookout no doubt sowed the seeds of the tubercular affection which developed and caused his early death. After his release from the army he taught in Alabama, and studied and practiced law with his father in his native city of Macon, but pursuits of this kind could not long hold one like Lanier

whose passion was altogether for the arts. Fortunately he was a trained musician and upon abandoning the law, became first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts of Baltimore, where he spent the last few years of his life. Lanier's theories of music and poetry attracted wide attention and he was appointed to a lectureship in Johns Hopkins University where he delivered a series of talks, afterwards published in the volume "The Science of English Verse." This has long been an authoritative book in its field. As a poet Lanier first won wide recognition by his poem "Corn,' published in "Lippincott's Magazine," but "The Marshes of Glynn" is the finest and most sustained work from his pen and best illustrates the individuality of his technique. He has left also a group of lyrics of enduring beauty.

LARCOM, LUCY. Born in Beverly, Massachusetts, 1826; died in Boston, 1893. Lucy Larcom attracted the attention of Whittier by contributions to the paper he was then editing, and it was largely through Whittier's encouragement that she became known as a poet. Her early youth was spent working in the mills at Lowell, but from 1866 to 1874 she was assistant editor of "Our Young Folks." She published several volumes of verse, collected into a complete edition in 1885.

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS. Born in Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, August 25, 1851; died in New York City, April 19, 1898. Mr. Lathrop was educated in New York and at Dresden, Germany. In 1871 he married Rose Hawthorne, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was assistant editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," 1875-77, and filled other editorial positions. His volumes of poetry include "Rose and Rooftree" (1875); and "Dreams and Days" (1892). He also wrote several novels and "A Study of Hawthorne" (1876).

LAZARUS, EMMA. Born in New York City, 1849; died there, 1887. Emma Lazarus, born of Portuguese-Jewish ancestry, is chiefly identified with the work which she did for her own race, although her poetic talents, finely individual and marked by a certain classical austerity, were expressed in many beautiful poems upon other themes. The persecution of the Jews in Russia inspired her drama, "The Dance to Death." A complete collection of her poetical work was published, with a memoir, the year after her death.

LEARNED, WALTER. Born in New London, Connecticut 1847. Author of "Between Times" (1889); "Ten Tales from Coppée," translations (1890); editor of "A Treasury of American Verse" (1898).

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD. Born in Liverpool, England, January 20, 1866. He was already a well-known poet, novel-

ist, and critic when he took up his residence in the United States. In each of these fields Mr. Le Gallienne has achieved conspicuous success and it would be difficult to say what phase of his literary work should take precedence. In poetry, with which we are chiefly concerned, he has given us several volumes distinguished by that delicacy and sensitive feeling for beauty which characterize all of his work. Of these the best-known are: "English Poems," "New Poems," and "The Lonely Dancer." In addition to these volumes, Mr. Le Gallienne has made an admirable paraphrase of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám and of a group of odes from the "Divan" of Hafiz.

Leland, Charles Godfrey. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania August 15, 1824; died in Florence, Italy, March 20, 1903. Chiefly known as the author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," Charles Godfrey Leland had not only a rich vein of humor, but was a scholar of wide cultivation and actively identified with movements to further the knowledge of the arts on the part of the people. He was educated at Princeton and supplemented his work there with study at German and French universities. In his early youth he practiced law, but literary work drew him into other channels, and in 1869 he took up his residence in London and gave himself chiefly to the study of folk-lore.

Litchfield, Grace Denio. Born in New York City, 1849. Spent most of her youth in Europe. A complete edition of her poems was published in 1913.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. Born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. Regarded during his lifetime, both in England and America, as our foremost poet, Longfellow is still read more commonly by the people than any of his contemporaries. One could easily name qualities in which each of the others excelled him. The philosophy of Emerson, the humor of Lowell, the magic of Poe, — all were qualities outside the genius of Longfellow; yet this genius expressed itself within its own field with no less of personality. His poems do not startle by magic of phrase, but they are beautiful as the common light is beautiful, and shine by something of the same purity and transparency. Longfellow was, indeed, an unfailing artist and the technical ease and faultless taste of his work render it a pleasure to read even after one has exhausted its content. In the sonnet he had supreme mastery and "The Divina Commedia," "Giotto's Tower," "Nature," and other poems in this form will survive the inevitable winnowing of his verse. Longfellow's narrative gift, native and spontaneous as it was, will scarcely influence the final appre-

ciation of his work, yet his narratives have value as historical pictures and "Hiawatha," artistically in a class apart from the others, will remain as an idyl of Indian life. In personality Longfellow embodied the ideal of the poet, the scholar, and the gentleman. Educated at Bowdoin College, where he had as classmates Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce, he showed a particular aptitude for modern languages and after his graduation spent four years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. After his return he occupied the chair of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, resigning after six years to fill the same position at Harvard. This chair was held by Longfellow for nearly twenty years, when he resigned to give himself entirely to literary work. In his early youth Longfellow married Miss Mary Potter, of Portland, who died four years later at Rotterdam. Some years after, he married Miss Frances Appleton, with whom he had several children and lived a life of ideal companionship, until her tragic death which occurred in 1861 at their home, the beautiful old Craigie House in Cambridge. Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death while melting wax to seal a letter. This event greatly saddened the closing years of the poet, but perhaps it added to the benign and beautiful spirit which distinguished him. During one of his late visits to England the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Cambridge University and that of D.C.L. by Oxford. He was greatly beloved and admired in England and his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey. Aside from his own work in poetry, Longfellow did an admirable translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" and made many translations from Spanish, French, and other tongues.

Lowell, James Russell. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819; died there, August 12, 1891. More closely in touch with the life of his own day than any of his poet contemporaries and with a wider range of sympathy with public affairs, Lowell was at the same time preeminently the scholar and man of letters, happily combining the creative, critical, and social qualities of his nature. He began writing when very young and published his first book, "A Year's Life," in 1841, the year after leaving the Harvard Law School. Other books of verse followed at comparatively short intervals, but none made for Lowell a wide recognition until he published the "Biglow Papers" in which his racy vein of humor and satire found full vent. The first series, directed against the Mexican War, began to appear in 1846; the second series, published in the sixties, pertained to the Civil War. Both were typically American and gained a wide audience. In 1855 Lowell succeeded Longfellow as Professor

of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard University. During the same period he spent several years as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" and later as one of the editors of the "North American Review," in which much of his finest critical work appeared. Volumes of poetry and criticism, succeeding each other rapidly, gave proof of the fecundity of Lowell's mind and the rich storehouse from which he drew. "Fireside Travels" (1864); "Among My Books" (1870); "My Study Windows" (1871); and "Among My Books, Second Series," alternated with volumes of verse. A new outlet for the versatile talents of Lowell now presented itself and he was sent as United States Minister to Spain, a post which he filled so ably that in three years he was transferred to the Court of St. James in London. Here his culture, his charm of personality, and his public gifts combined to render his service among the most distinguished in the history of American diplomacy. After his return to America he lived quietly at "Elmwood," his beautiful home in Cambridge, but did not cease to take an interest in public affairs, always approached from the broadest standpoint. Lowell was in the true sense a citizen of the world and the noblest qualities met in him. The fervor of the "Commemoration Ode" reveals his spirit. In poetry his moods were various. He alone among the New England poets possessed humor, whimsicality, and the gift of kindly satire. His work in these moods, however, should not obscure that in others, and some beautiful lyrics remain among his permanent offerings.

Lowell, Maria White. Born in Watertown, Massachusetts, 1821; died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1853. Married in 1844 to James Russell Lowell, upon whose early work she has left a marked influence, Mrs. Lowell, by her keen and active mind and charming personality, drew about her a large circle of friends. Edward Everett Hale in his literary reminiscences has written delightfully of her. A privately printed edition of her poems was issued in 1853.

Lüders, Charles Henry. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1858; died there, 1891. The early death of Charles Henry Lüders was greatly to be regretted, as his verse, published under the title of "The Dead Nymph and Other Poems," in the year following his death, proved what a fine gift was lost to the world.

Malone, Walter. Born in De Soto County, Mississippi, 1866; died in Memphis, Tennessee, 1915. While his epic, "De Soto," is a well-sustained work, it is by the brief lyric, "Opportunity," that Walter Malone will live in the public heart. Mr. Malone was educated at the University of Mississippi, and took up the practice of the law in Memphis,

Tennessee. He had risen to the position of judge, an office which he had held for several years prior to his death.

Markham, Edwin. Born in Oregon City, Oregon, April 23, 1852. Removed at an early age to California, where his childhood was spent upon a ranch in herding sheep and riding the ranges after the cattle. During his boyhood he attended school but three months in the year, but later studied at San José Normal School and the University of California. After leaving the University, Mr. Markham became a teacher in California and was principal and superintendent of several schools until 1899, when he sprang suddenly into fame by the publication in the "San Francisco Examiner" of his poem "The Man With the Hoe." This poem, crystallizing as it did the spirit of the time, and emphasizing one's obligation to Society, became the impulse of the whole social movement in poetry, a movement which largely prevailed during the early years of the twentieth century. After the great success of "The Man With the Hoe," Mr. Markham removed from California to New York City, where he has since been engaged in literary work.

McGaffey, Ernest. Born in London, Ohio, 1861. For several years a resident of Chicago, where he practiced law, Mr. McGaffey varied his legal occupation with the writing of poetry. He is the author of "Poems of Gun and Rod" (1892) and "Poems" (1895).

Miller, Joaquin (Cincinnatus Heine). Born in Wabash District, Indiana, November 10, 1841; died at "The Heights," above San Francisco, California, 1913. The picturesque career of Joaquin Miller surpasses any romance that came from his hand. When a lad he tramped from his home in Oregon to the Sacramento Valley where gold fields were being opened and did whatever he could turn his hand to about the camps. He lived familiarly with the Indians and passed through many adventures in returning to his home in Oregon. Here he studied law, which he practiced for some time in Canyon City, and became a judge of Grant County. In 1870 he went to London with the manuscript of "Songs of the Sierras." Here he met Browning, Arnold, and other poets of the period and created a sensation in conventional London by his romantic personality. After his return to America he spent some time in journalistic work in Washington, D.C., but left it for California where he established himself in a beautiful home on "The Heights" above the Golden Gate. Save for occasional excursions, such as his trip to the Klondike, his remaining years were spent at this home. Joaquin Miller had great power to invoke the wild and majestic aspects of nature, and while he was often the

victim of his facility, at his best he was a poet of rare gifts and unexcelled in his field as the interpreter of Western life and landscape.

MITCHELL, SILAS WEIR. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, February 15, 1829; died there, 1914. S. Weir Mitchel had been for many years a well-known physician before he turned to literature. Several volumes of fiction came from his pen before he attracted attention by the publication of his admirable historical novel, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker." His first collection of verse, "The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems," was not published until 1882 and he never became a prolific writer of poetry. He followed tradition closely, but his work, in its careful execution, had the virtue of its qualities and several of his poems have a classical fineness.

MONROE, HARRIET. Born in Chicago, Illinois, 186–. Educated at the Visitation Academy, Georgetown, D.C., Miss Monroe was chosen to write the "Columbian Ode" for the dedication of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Of recent years she has edited "Poetry," a periodical devoted exclusively to the publication of verse. This was the first of the small magazines, afterwards so numerous, that grew out of the twentieth-century revival of poetry in America. Miss Monroe is the author of "You and I" (1914), and co-editor with Alice Corbin Henderson, of "The New Poetry," an anthology (1917).

MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN. Born in Spencer, Indiana, July 8, 1869; died in Colorado Springs, October 17, 1910. Moody was educated at Harvard and in 1895 became Assistant Professor of English in the University of Chicago, where he remained until 1903. His period of teaching, however, was relieved by several trips abroad, on one of which he visited Greece and re-read the entire body of Greek tragedy with the background of the scenes which produced it. The Greek influence, dominant in his work, reached its finest expression in "The Fire-Bringer," a poetic drama of great beauty and philosophical depth. This drama is one of a trilogy of which it is the first member, the second being "The Masque of Judgment," and the third, "The Death of Eve." The last was in process of writing at Moody's death and but fragments of it have been published. This trilogy would alone be sufficient to place Moody among the major poets had he not left a body of lyric poetry of equal distinction.

MORSE, JAMES HERBERT. Born in Hubbardstown, Massachusetts, 1841. Educated at Harvard. Founder of the Morse and Roberts Collegiate School in New York City. Author of "Summer Haven Songs" (1886).

MORSE, SIDNEY HENRY. Born in Rochester, New York,

October 3, 1833. While still in his boyhood Mr. Morse was obliged to leave school to learn the stone-cutter's trade, but love of study spurred him to supplement his scant schooling by wide reading, and when, at twenty years of age, he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Unitarian clergyman, Moncure D. Conway, he was inspired to prepare himself also for the Unitarian ministry. He became the pastor of a Unitarian church at Haverhill, Massachusetts, but left this some time later to edit and publish "The Radical," a liberal Unitarian organ. Mr. Morse had also artistic ability and did some notable work in sculpture, a bust of Emerson in the Second Church of Boston and of Dr. Channing in Arlington Street Church, are among his best-known pieces.

Moulton, Louise Chandler. Born in Pomfret, Connecticut, 1835; died in Boston, August 10, 1908. Educated at a seminary in Troy, New York, and married at an early age to William Moulton, a publisher of Boston, Louise Chandler Moulton by the charm of her personality and her poetic gifts established for herself an important place in the social and literary life of her time. Her home in Boston was the gathering-place of elect spirits in literature and the arts, and a pageant of American poets, from the early New England group to those who were to create the twentieth-century renaissance, had passed through her doors. In England Mrs. Moulton had no less intimate touch with the writers of her period and numbered among her friends Browning, Arnold, the Rossettis, Swinburne, and other great Victorian poets. She was also the close friend of the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, whose literary executor she became. Mrs. Moulton's sonnets are models of this form, which she handled with the utmost ease and beauty. Her complete work in poetry was issued soon after her death, with an introduction by her life-long friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Murray, Ada Foster (Mrs. Henry Mills Alden). Born in Virginia in 1856. Married Kenton C. Murray. Again married, several years after his death, to Henry Mills Alden, editor of "Harper's Magazine," to which she was a contributor. Mrs. Alden's first verses, written during her girlhood, were accepted by William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the "New York Evening Post." Although she has contributed to the leading magazines, she has published but one collection of poetry, "Flower O' the Grass" (1910).

O'Hara, Theodore. Born in Danville, Kentucky, 1820; died in Guerryton, Alabama, 1867. Theodore O'Hara was distinctly the soldier poet, having served in the Mexican War and in the Confederate army during the Civil War. His fame rests upon the noble poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead,"

written as a memorial to the Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista.

O'Reilly, John Boyle. Born in Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844; died in Hull, Massachusetts, August 10, 1890. The career of John Boyle O'Reilly was more romantic than fiction and had in it all the essentials of drama. His early youth in Ireland was closely bound up with the fortunes of that always-distracted country. He entered journalism at Drogheda, a town near his birthplace, and threw the influence of his fiery pen into the cause of Irish revolt. The Fenian Society sent him to England as an agent, but he was speedily arrested and condemned to death, a sentence which was at the last moment commuted to penal servitude in Australia. After enduring this for a year he escaped in a boat and was picked up by an American whaling vessel and finally landed at Philadelphia. This was in 1869 when O'Reilly was but twenty-five years old. From this time to his death, which occurred in the prime of his powers, he was a great force in the movement for justice to Ireland and through the "Boston Pilot," which he edited for many years, he championed not only all liberal movements for his native, but also for his adopted, country. He was greatly beloved for his winning personality and his fervid Irish temperament, and at his death a statue by Daniel Chester French was erected to him in Boston.

Parsons, Thomas William. Born in Boston, August 18, 1819; died in Scituate, Massachusetts, September 3, 1892. Thomas William Parsons was an admirable classical scholar and a student and translator of Dante. His fame as a poet rests largely upon his splendid "Lines on a Bust of Dante," although he did much other verse of a high order. Educated at the Boston Latin School and at home, he went in early youth to Italy and there, during several years of study, made a metrical translation of the first ten cantos of the "Inferno."

Peck, Samuel Minturn. Born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, 1854. Graduated at the University of Alabama and took a medical course in New York City. He returned to his native town and varied the practice of medicine with farming and literature chiefly in lighter vein.

Percival, James Gates. Born in Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795; died in Hazel Green, Wisconsin, May 2, 1856. After graduation at Yale University, James Gates Percival became a physician, and practiced in Charleston and in the United States recruiting service, but left this profession for the study of geology and prepared valuable reports on the geological formations of Connecticut and Wisconsin. His complete work in poetry was published in 1859.

PERRY, NORA. Born in Dudley, Massachusetts, 183–; died there, 1896. Nora Perry is best known for her poem, "After the Ball," although "The Love Knot" and other verses quite as popular in their day still find their way into anthologies. These poems, however, with their mid-Victorian sentimentality, do not represent Miss Perry at her best and we have chosen a lyric of a finer quality.

PIATT, JOHN JAMES. Born in James Mill, now Milton, Indiana, March 1, 1835; died in Ohio, 1917. Mr. Piatt, who was a close friend of W. D. Howells, published in company with him his first volume of verse, "Poems of Two Friends." This book is now sought by collectors as being the first work of each of these poets. Mr. Piatt's life was largely passed in public service. He was in the Treasury Department at Washington during the Civil War; librarian of the House of Representatives for several years following, and United States Consul to Cork, from 1882 to 1894. Many of his poems were inspired by life in Ireland. He married Sarah Morgan Bryan, of Kentucky, also a poet, and throughout their lives they were voluminous writers, publishing volumes of verse together as well as many separate collections.

PIATT, SARAH MORGAN BRYAN. Born in Lexington, Kentucky, 1836. Mrs. Piatt's work was widely read in its own period and a few charming lyrics will keep it alive.

PIERPONT, JOHN. Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, 1785; died in Medford, Connecticut, 1866. Pierpont was one of the earliest of our poets, his birth antedating that of Bryant. Most of his life was spent in the Unitarian ministry, although he had passed through a period of teaching and practicing law. He was one of the earliest abolitionists and resigned his charge at Hollis Street Church, Boston, as early as 1845 because of being in advance of his congregation on this and other public questions. At the outbreak of the Civil War, although already seventy-six years old, he volunteered as an army chaplain, but was transferred, owing to his feeble health, to the Treasury Department where he served until his death in 1866.

PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE. Born in London, England, 1802; died in Baltimore, Maryland, 1828. A distinct and beautiful poetic gift was quenched in the early death of Edward Coate Pinkney, whose slender volume of "Poems," published in 1825, bespoke the birthright of song. Pinkney was the son of the American Minister to Great Britain, William Pinkney, and at the age of fourteen entered the United States Navy, resigning eight years later. For the remaining four years of his life he studied and practiced law at Baltimore, but delicate health made him unable to cope with the

needs of his profession and his early passing from life was saddened by a sense of frustration.

Poe, Edgar Allan. Born in Boston, January 19, 1809; died in Baltimore, Maryland, October 7, 1849. Most magical and creative of our American poets, Poe was also the only one whose personal life was filled with romance and tragedy. The lives of his New England contemporaries seemed to be presided over by some benign spirit, but that of Poe, almost from the outset, was troubled and painful. His parents were actors, both of whom died during his early infancy and Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia. While still a child he was taken to England and was placed for five years in a school near London. After returning, in 1820, he spent the years before he entered the University of Virginia in other schools at Richmond and distinguished himself in athletics and writing verses as well as in his scholarship. At the university also his work was satisfactory; but lacking, from his still extreme youth, the self-discipline to resist the temptations of college life, he fell into the use of stimulants which worked disastrously for his future. His foster-father refused to honor his debts, took him from the university and put him to work in his own counting-room at Richmond. This was not at all to Poe's mind and he soon ran away, to Boston, enlisting in the regular army under the *alias* of "Edgar Perry." One is reminded of a similar escapade in the life of Coleridge, who ran away from college and enlisted in the English dragoons. But whereas Coleridge was discovered in a few months, Poe remained nearly two years and performed his work as a soldier so well that he was made sergeant-major. This record no doubt influenced Mr. Allan to place him as a cadet at West Point, a step which would probably have proved advisable had it not been that the youthful cadet had already been touched with the divine madness of poetry and had issued "Tamerlane and Other Poems," and even his second book, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," before he entered West Point. What wonder, then, that he grew restless under the régime that left him little time to follow his growing genius! What wonder also that Mr. Allan grew weary of Poe's vacillation and refused him the release that he wished! Poe, however, was not to be detained by such bonds and promptly brought about his own dismissal. Mr. Allan now declared himself free of all responsibility for his adopted son and from this time, when Poe was twenty-two years old, the fateful period of his career began. Before leaving West Point a group of his student friends had by their subscriptions made possible the publication of another volume of his poems,

but Poe could expect no financial return from this little book and with only his talents as capital he went to Baltimore. Here he lodged with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and made what he could by articles, poems, and stories, until his work attracted the attention of the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger" with which Poe formed a connection. It was while lodging with his aunt that he became deeply attached to his child cousin, Virginia Clemm, a girl of delicate beauty, and before she had reached her fourteenth year, they were married. Unfortunately Poe remained but a short time longer with the "Messenger" and after a season in New York City, where he brought out the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," he shifted to Philadelphia, contributing critical articles and stories to many publications. The irregularity of his habits made it difficult for him to retain editorial positions, although he held several, notably that of associate editor of Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" of New York City. His stories won popular success before his poems. As a critic, too, he was becoming widely known, and while he made some bitter attacks upon his contemporaries which afterwards reacted upon him, his criticism was penetrating and brilliant and certain dicta of his concerning poetry have become a touchstone for the judgment of that art. Poe's own poetic fame in a popular sense came with the publication of "The Raven and Other Poems" in 1845. "The Raven" could not fail of instantaneous appeal and Poe found his name in all mouths. This did not, however, solve the financial problem which he had continually to face. In 1846 the family moved to Fordham, then several miles outside the city limits, and here, in the small cottage now owned by an association and kept as a memorial of Poe, the severest trial of his life began. His young wife Virginia, for whom Poe had an almost worshipful attachment, was already far advanced in consumption and died in the following year. One of his friends, writing of the family after Poe's own death says, "His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes." After the death of Virginia, Poe made ineffectual attempts to found a magazine and to secure some stability of life. What is less understandable, he soon turned for consolation to other women and became engaged to Sarah Helen Whitman, a poet of Providence, Rhode Island, to whom he wrote two of his most beautiful poems. Mrs. Whitman broke the engagement, owing to Poe's habits, but always retained an affection for the poet. The following year Poe paid a visit to his early home, Richmond, where his fame opened all doors to him and where he regained a degree of hopefulness

and cheer. He lectured with success and seemed in a fair way to rehabilitate both his fortunes and habits. Starting North again, he reached Baltimore, where he had been but a few days when he was found in a helpless condition and taken to a hospital where he died after four days of illness. While Poe's weakness for intoxicants was often his undoing, it is certain, in the light of more recent investigation into his life that this weakness has been exaggerated. He had long periods of complete abstinence from stimulants and it was rather from the excitability of his temperament than the amount of his indulgence that he was undone. The smallest amount of wine, taken in a social gathering, was sufficient to create havoc with Poe, whereas many who indulged much more freely escaped criticism. Editors who employed him testified to his faithfulness to his work over considerable periods of time. Poe's frailty was exaggerated and used as a weapon against him by many who had suffered from his caustic criticism. Time is giving a clearer understanding of the spirit of the man. Poe had unique genius, both in poetry and fiction; his short stories are masterpieces of construction and romantic imagination. His poetry is to the last degree haunting and magical. Poe's influence upon French poets has been great and to him the early masters of the Symbolist School acknowledged their debt.

Proctor, Edna Dean. Born in Henniker, New Hampshire, 1838. Miss Proctor has lived chiefly in South Framingham, Massachusetts, though spending much time abroad. Author of "Poems" (1866); "A Russian Journey" (1872); "The Song of the Ancient People" (1892); "The Glory of Toil" (1916).

Randall, James Ryder. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, 1839; died, 1908. James Ryder Randall was a well-known journalist, having been connected with several important Southern papers. He was for some time editor-in-chief of the Augusta, Georgia, "Constitution," and later formed a connection with the "Baltimore American." As a poet he is known chiefly for his stirring battle-hymn, "Maryland, My Maryland," one of the finest poems of the Civil War.

Read, Thomas Buchanan. Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822; died in New York City, May 11, 1872. Read was a portrait-painter as well as a poet, having studied in Rome and, after his return to America, followed the practice of his art in various cities. His stirring poem, "Sheridan's Ride," is known to every schoolboy in America, but the poems quoted in this collection represent him more adequately.

Realf, Richard. Born in Framfield, Sussex, England,

1834; died, by his own hand, in Oakland, California, 1878. The tragedy of the death of Richard Realf was infinitely sad, coming, as it did, after a life of activity in so many noble causes. In his youth he had the privilege of association with many English writers, among them the poet Rogers, Miss Mitford, and Harriet Martineau. He also became a favorite with Lady Byron who made him a steward on one of her estates. He emigrated to America and went to Kansas, but returning to New York became an assistant at the Five Points House of Industry. This was during the agitation which preceded the outbreak of the Civil War, and Realf, who actively seconded the plans of John Brown, went to Europe to give lectures upon the anti-slavery movement. When the war finally came, he enlisted in the Union Army and was commended for gallantry at Chickamauga and elsewhere. His poems were gathered and published, with a sympathetic memoir, by his friend Colonel Richard J. Hinton, in 1899.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, January 9, 1856. Educated in the schools of that city. She has been for many years a teacher of English in West High School of Baltimore. Her volumes of verse are: "A Branch of May" (1887); "A Handful of Lavender" (1891); "A Quiet Road" (1896); "A Wayside Lute" (1909). Miss Reese has a lyric gift unique in its strict Saxon simplicity. Her work has an early, Old-World flavor, a quaintness, a magic of phrase that renders it wholly individual.

Riley, James Whitcomb. Born in Greenfield, Indiana, in June, 1853; died in Indianapolis, July, 1916. He occupied a field unique in American literature and probably no poet came as near to the heart of the people. Popularly known as "The Hoosier Poet," because his verse was largely written in the dialect of the common people of his native State of Indiana, he was yet a poet of the truest gifts, and many of his dialect poems bid fair to become classic. Mr. Riley did not confine himself, however, to the use of dialect, but wrote some exquisite poetry in other fields. Unlike many poets, he lived to see himself not only the most beloved and honored citizen of his native State, which annually celebrates "Riley Day," but the most widely known and beloved poet of his period in America. The Biographical Edition of his complete works (1913) contains all of the earlier volumes.

Santayana, George E. Born in Madrid, Spain, December 16, 1863. He was for several years Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, and has written important works in this field, particularly "The Sense of Beauty," 1896, and "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion," 1900. His work

in poetry has been largely in the sonnet form, of which he has a classic mastery. His volumes of verse are: "Sonnets and Other Poems" (1894); "Lucifer"(1899); "The Hermit of Carmel" (1901); "Collected Sonnets" (1910).

SAVAGE, PHILIP HENRY. Born in North Brookfield, Massachusetts, 1868; died, 1899. Philip Henry Savage, son of the Reverend Minot J. Savage, was one of the little group of poets at Harvard which included George Cabot Lodge, Trumbull Stickney, and William Vaughn Moody, all of whom died while still in youth. While less endowed with poetic genius than some of the others, Savage had distinct gifts and a fine idealism which pervaded his work. His early death was met heroically and some of his best poems were written in its imminence. He published "First Poems and Fragments" (1895) and "Poems" (1898).

SCOLLARD, CLINTON. Born in Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860. Graduated at Hamilton College in 1881. He afterwards studied at Harvard University and at Cambridge, England. He was Professor of English Literature at Hamilton College, 1888–96. Mr. Scollard has been a voluminous writer, but his more important books are: "The Hills of Song" (1895); "The Lutes of Morn" (1901); "Lyrics of the Dawn" (1902); "The Lyric Bough" (1904); "Chords of the Zither" (1910); "Sprays of Shamrock" (1914); "Poems," a selection from his complete work (1914); "Italy in Arms" (1915); "The Vale of Shadows" (1915); "Ballads, Patriotic and Romantic" (1916).

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND. Born in Windsor, Connecticut, 1841; died in Cleveland, Ohio, 1887. Edward Rowland Sill was a poet of rare gifts and his death, when scarcely in middle life, cut short a richly maturing talent. Most of his life was spent in teaching. After his graduation at Yale, in 1861, he was first connected with a school at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, but for several years prior to his death was Professor of English Literature at the University of California. His complete poems have been collected and also a complete edition of his prose work.

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER. Born in Peekskill, New York, May 6, 1860; died September 19, 1916. He took the degree of Ph.B. from Columbia University in 1884, and was Professor of Graphics in Columbia School of Architecture from 1904 until his death. He was the author of "Madrigals and Catches" (1887); "Lyrics for a Lute" (1890); "Little Folk Lyrics" (1892); "Lyrics of Joy" (1904); and "A Southern Flight" (with Clinton Scollard), (1903).

SPALDING, SUSAN MARR. Born in Bath, Maine, 18—. Mrs. Spalding is best known by her lyric, "Fate," although

she has written other excellent poems contained in her collection, "The Wings of Icarus" (1892).

Spofford, Harriet Prescott. Born in Calais, Maine, 1835. Mrs. Spofford has been known since her early youth as one of our finest short-story writers, and several sustained novels have also come from her pen. It is unnecessary here to list her volumes of fiction, but she is the author of "The Marquis of Carabas," poems (1882); "Ballads About Authors" (1887); and "In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems" (1897).

Stanton, Frank L. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1857. Mr. Stanton has been connected for many years with the staff of the "Atlanta Constitution" where his lyrics appear daily and have made for themselves a secure place in the hearts of a multitude of Southern readers. They have also reached a wide audience through his volumes "Songs of the Soil" (1894); "Comes One With a Song" (1899); "Songs From Dixie Land" (1900); and "Up From Georgia" (1902).

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, October 8, 1833; died in New York City, January 18, 1908. Mr. Stedman was for many years the foremost critic of America and exerted a great influence upon our poetry through his sympathetic interpretations and the far-reaching inspiration of his personal relations with poets. The activity of Mr. Stedman's life and the variety of his interests rebuke those who are content with a half expression of their talents. Stedman's youth was like that of many ambitious boys: he graduated at Yale, having taken first prize for a poem on "Westminster Abbey," and plunged into journalism, editing papers in small towns in New England. Emboldened to try his luck in New York City, he secured a place with Horace Greeley on the "Tribune" where "Osawatomie Brown" and other early poems were published. In 1860 he joined the staff of the "New York World," remaining as war correspondent until 1863. Here an entirely new phase was introduced into his life and one seemingly antagonistic to literature. He aided in the construction and financial affairs of the first Pacific Railway and so was led into Wall Street, where he remained as an active member of the Stock Exchange for nearly forty years. Mr. Stedman has himself said that he entered Wall Street as a door to means and leisure to prosecute his literary work, a task in which he was assiduous to the hour of his death. Volumes of his own verse alternated with critical studies of English and American poets, and lectures at Johns Hopkins University, Columbia University, and other academic centers. He received the degree of L.H.D. from Columbia and of LL.D. from Yale.

In addition to his poems, Mr. Stedman was the author of "Victorian Poets," a volume of criticism (1875); "Poets of America," covering a similar field in our literature (1885); "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" (1892); and was editor of "A Victorian Anthology" (1895) and "An American Anthology" (1900).

STODDARD, CHARLES WARREN. Born in Rochester, New York, 1843, died 1909. Mr. Stoddard was a wide traveler, visiting many countries and writing his impressions both in prose and verse. When a lad he attracted the attention of Bret Harte who edited his first book of verse. When not traveling or living in the Hawaiian Islands, his time was spent chiefly in California, varied by a period of teaching literature at Notre Dame College, South Bend, Indiana, and at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C.

STODDARD, ELIZABETH, Born in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, May 6, 1823; died in New York City, August 1, 1902. Mrs. Stoddard was the wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, and their home in New York was for many years a center for the literary life of the city. Mrs. Stoddard was a frequent contributor of poetry to the magazines and wrote several novels. Her complete poems were issued in 1895.

STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY. Born in Hingham, Massachusetts, July 2, 1825; died in New York City, May 12, 1903. The life of Richard Henry Stoddard is particularly interesting from the fact that, although he became one of the foremost men of letters of his time, he was almost wholly self-educated and spent much of his early youth working in an iron foundry. During this time, however, he was eagerly reading and studying the great writers, particularly the poets, and beginning to try his own skill at verse. Just at this juncture he gained the friendship of Bayard Taylor, who encouraged and stimulated him and published his first verses in the "Union Magazine" which Taylor was temporarily editing. Stoddard now turned his attention entirely to writing and became a contributor to the "Knickerbocker" and other magazines. His collection of poetry, issued in 1852, brought him recognition and the friendship of Thomas Buchanan Read and other poets of the day. More important, however, was the friendship which he formed with Hawthorne, whom he visited at Concord and who was instrumental in securing for Stoddard a position in the New York Custom House which he held for seventeen years. This work, however, left him leisure for writing and from 1860 to 1870 he was literary editor of the "New York World." After leaving the Custom House, he accepted a position with the "New York Mail and

Express" as literary editor and retained it for over twenty years. In his age Stoddard was a venerable figure in New York City life and was the recipient of many honors. His work in poetry was collected into a definitive edition after his death. His fame rests chiefly upon a little group of lyrics, of which "The Flight of Youth," one of his early poems, seems likely to hold the most secure place.

Story, William Wetmore. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, February 12, 1819; died in Vallambrosa, Italy, October 7, 1895. Mr. Story spent the creative part of his life in Italy achieving fame as a sculptor, writing poetry much read in its day, and exquisite studies of Italian life and art, such as "Roba di Roma," one of the finest books upon the Eternal City. He lived for years in the old Barberini Palace, one of the most celebrated in Rome, and led an enviable life with art and poetry and friendships. This career, however, nearly miscarried, as his youth was spent in the law, an occupation which he may be said to have inherited from his father, Justice Joseph Story, of the United States Supreme Court. That he recognized his true gift before it was too late is a matter for gratitude. One of Mr. Story's finest pieces of sculpture is the tomb of his wife in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, where he now lies beside her, only a few yards from the grave of Shelley.

Tabb, John Bannister. Born in Amelia County, Virginia, 1845; died, 1909. Father Tabb, a priest and teacher in St. Charles College, Maryland, was, in poetry, a carver of cameos. His work is almost wholly in very brief lyrics wrought with infinite pains. He is the lapidary of verse and his gemlike work is cold and shining. Nevertheless, it is artistically distinguished and unique. Prior to taking orders in the Church, Father Tabb served as captain's mate on a blockade-runner in the Civil War. He was the author of "Poems" (1894) and "Lyrics" (1897).

Taylor, Bayard. Born in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825; died in Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878. The career of Bayard Taylor was a constantly shifting romance, comparable only to a kaleidoscope in which every turn brings out a design. From his earliest boyhood in a little Quaker town, he was imbued with two ambitions — to travel and to be a poet; neither of which, from obvious circumstances, seemed at all probable. But Life, which is always in league with the dreamer, brought both to pass. He began at seven years of age to write poetry and at sixteen published his first verses. At nineteen he brought out his first book, "Ximen, or the Battle of the Sierra Morena." In this year the second desire of his life urged him to make trial of himself

and he went abroad, traveling about Europe on foot for nearly two years, with his only luggage a knapsack and a scanty supply of script. From this trip, however, came "Views Afoot," almost the pioneer travel book of America, and immediately the poet-wanderer found the fates smiling upon him. Soon after his return he became head of the literary department of the "New York Tribune," but no office could hold so restless a spirit and at the outbreak of the gold-fever in California in '49, he joined the seekers, bringing back, not gold, but the story of its pursuit, in "Eldorado." He married Miss Mary Agnew, a childhood friend, who was incurably ill and who lived but two months following the marriage. This grief sent the poet to Europe again and on into the East, the land which had been to him the dream within the dream. Here his poetic gift came suddenly into flower, and nearly all of his finest lyrics from this period relate to the East to which he made many subsequent trips. In 1856 he again visited Europe and was warmly received by scholars and writers, particularly in Germany, where he married a daughter of the astronomer, Professor Hansen. Returning to America, he established the beautiful home, "Cedarcroft," in his native Pennsylvania village, and in such intervals as were spent in its retirement, produced poetry, novels, essays, books of travel, and translations. To literature and travel he added diplomacy, and was sent as secretary to the American legation in Russia and as United States Minister to Germany, a position which he eagerly accepted in the hope that it would give him leisure to write a "Life" of Goethe, which he had long had in mind. This ambition, however, was not to be fulfilled, as he was stricken with illness not long after his arrival at Berlin and died there in a few weeks.

THAXTER, CELIA. Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1836; died at Appledore Island, New Hampshire, June 29, 1894. The life of Celia Thaxter has a romantic charm from the fact that it was largely spent upon the Isles of Shoals, where her father was keeper of the lighthouse, and many of her poems were written out of this environment. She married Levi Lincoln Thaxter, but continued to live for the greater part of the time upon the islands. She was an artist as well as a poet and illustrated many of her own books.

THOMAS, EDITH M. Born in Chatham, Ohio, August 12, 1854. Educated at the Normal Institute of Geneva, Ohio. Almost from the outset of her work, Edith Thomas has been one of the finest lyric poets of her period. Her early work was largely influenced by Greek literature and she has written many lyrics of classical beauty. Her recent work, however, is more intimate and personal, the emotional reaction to her

own experience. Her work, indeed, is almost wholly subjective and altogether of a rare and subtle quality. Since 1888 Miss Thomas has made her home in New York City, where she is attached to the staff of "Harper's Magazine." Her best-known volumes are: "The Inverted Torch" (1890); "A Winter Swallow" (1896); "The Dancers" (1903); "The Guest at the Gate" (1909); and "The Flower From the Ashes" (1915).

THOMPSON, MAURICE. Born in Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844; died in Crawfordsville, Indiana, February 15, 1901. Thompson served in his early youth in the Confederate army and later studied and practiced law in Indiana. These activities were varied by the writing of poetry and criticism, and in 1890 he became one of the staff of the "New York Independent," where his critical work attracted wide attention.

THOMPSON, WILL H. Born in Calhoun, Georgia, 1848. A brother to Maurice Thompson and closely associated with him in all activities and pleasures. Like his brother he served in the Confederate army and after the war established himself in a law partnership with his brother at Crawfordsville, Indiana. When literature drew Maurice away from the law, Will Thompson removed to Seattle, Washington, where he carried on the practice of his profession. He is well known as a public speaker and is active in social reforms. He is the author of "High Tide at Gettysburg," one of the finest poems of the Civil War.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID. Born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12, 1817; died there May 6, 1862. Thoreau was the most thorough nonconformist in American literature. His entire life was one of intellectual independence and personal isolation. He did only so much work as sufficed to maintain him, and this in the most desultory fashion, turning from teaching to pencil-making, from pencil-making to farming, from farming to lecturing, as might suit the immediate necessity, but never relaxing in the mental activities which constituted his real life. He was not at all troubled about being considered eccentric and indeed seemed to court this reputation. Although educated at Harvard and widely read, he sought the most primitive social conditions and lived for several years in the little hut on Walden Pond, built with his own hands on property owned by Emerson. Despite his personal eccentricities, Thoreau was one of the great spirits of his time, perhaps of all time. His poetry is of little moment in the sum of his achievement. It was as a naturalist and philosopher that his genius found its expression, and it is characteristic of him that most of his work was not pub-

lished during his lifetime, but was afterwards rescued from a diary of thirty volumes begun in his student days at Harvard and continued until his death. His "Works" and "Familiar Letters" (1894) contain the many books compiled from the diaries together with those published during his lifetime.

TIMROD, HENRY. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, 1829; died in Columbia, South Carolina, 1867. Henry Timrod was one of the most gifted of the Southern poets, but like his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, suffered to such a degree from the devastation wrought by the war that his gifts had no opportunity to develop as they would have done under more favorable circumstances. He was the son of a bookbinder, who was himself something of a poet. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he became a correspondent of the "Charleston Mercury" and later assistant editor of the "South Carolinian" of Columbia. Sherman's troops so devastated this region that Timrod's home in Columbia was broken up, and the death of a favorite child having still further saddened him, he was unable to regain a hold upon life. After a struggle of two or three years with poverty and illness, he died while still at the best promise of his art. His poems, which were originally printed in 1860, were necessarily neglected owing to the public mind being focused upon the approaching war, but his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, rescued them and in 1873 published them with a fitting and sympathetic memoir.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND. Born in Ogden, New York, September 18, 1827; died in Arlington, Massachusetts, 1915. Mr. Trowbridge was known chiefly as a writer for boys, having published a great number of stories in this field. He was the son of a farmer and spent his early youth on the farm, having only the education of the common schools supplemented by a term at a classical academy. Nevertheless, Mr. Trowbridge was a man of wide cultivation, having read and studied throughout his life. He had many close friendships with the New England writers and his autobiography, "My Own Story," published in the "Atlantic Monthly," to which he was one of the first contributors, is full of charm and interest. His best-known poem is "The Vagabonds," although he has done other work of a finer if less popular quality. His poems may now be obtained in a complete edition.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, 1852. Educated at Princeton University, Princeton Theological Seminary, and Berlin University. Dr. Van Dyke spent his earlier years in the ministry, but left it to become Professor of English Literature at Princeton University,

where he remained for many years. He has been a voluminous writer in the field of theology, criticism, fiction, and poetry. Several of his volumes have attained a wide circulation, notably "Little Rivers," "Fisherman's Luck," "The Blue Flower," "The Story of the Other Wise Man," etc. In criticism he has written authoritatively upon Tennyson and other poets. "Collected Poems" (1911) include several volumes previously issued. Dr. Van Dyke was appointed Minister to The Hague in 1913, retaining the position until 1917 when he resigned to resume literary work. He was an excellent diplomat and rendered valuable service to his country during the first three years of the European War.

VERY, JONES. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, August 22, 1813; died there, May, 1880. His father was a sea captain and the son went with him upon many voyages. He was educated at Harvard and taught Greek there for a short time after his graduation. He belonged to the Transcendentalist group of writers and was a close friend of Emerson and Channing, and of James Freeman Clarke, who edited the complete posthumous edition of his work.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY. Born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, September 12, 1829; died in Hartford, Connecticut, October 20, 1900. Charles Dudley Warner was chiefly known as an editor, an essayist, and a writer upon social topics. He was editor-in-chief of the "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature." He wrote but little poetry, but occasionally did an admirable bit of verse such as the sonnet included in this collection.

WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, 1803; died there, 1879. She is chiefly known for her association with Edgar Allan Poe, to whom she was betrothed in 1848. The engagement with Poe was broken, owing to the irregularity of the poet's habits, but Mrs. Whitman remained his admirer and in 1860 published a monograph in his defense, entitled "Edgar Allan Poe and His Critics." Many of her poems also relate to Poe, and recently the poet's letters to her were published with an interesting account of the association.

WHITMAN, WALT. Born in West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819; died in Camden, New Jersey, March 26, 1892. It is impossible in a brief space to do justice to the influence of Walt Whitman upon the development of poetry since his period, or to show the successive stages by which his work overcame prejudice and antagonism before this influence could become effective. Whitman has been a great revolutionary force, not only in our own poetry, but in that of other countries. The modern "Free Verse" movement is largely

the radiation of Whitman who opposed to conventional form his freely flowing rhythms. He may be said, indeed, to have released technique, which had become bound in artificial forms, and left it free to reshape in a more flexible manner. There are always revolutions in art, but Whitman was a world revolutionist, not only liberating form, but opposing to the whole movement of "Romanticism," which had persisted through the nineteenth century, the movement of Democracy and the social consciousness of life. In outward circumstances Whitman's life was not eventful. He was born on a little farm in the interior of Long Island and the family removed when Walt was a child to Brooklyn, where he was educated in the public schools and learned the printer's trade. A brief period of teaching followed, succeeded by a longer period of printing, editing, and miscellaneous writing. There was nothing to indicate from his early writing, which was purely conventional and without distinction, that a revolutionist in art was soon to flash upon the world, but Whitman was experimenting with the new form and in 1855 he startled America with "Leaves of Grass," which provoked at the outset a storm of protest, from its frank treatment of sex. Enlarged editions appeared in 1856 and in 1861 and Whitman began to gather a few followers. In the early months of the war he went to Washington and began his three years' service as a visitor and voluntary nurse in the war hospitals, where his assiduous work for the wounded broke down his own health. "Drum-Taps," among the most beautiful of his poems, records this experience. He secured a position in the Interior Department, but was dismissed from it by the Secretary, who could not grasp the point of view of "Leaves of Grass." This called forth the celebrated defense of Whitman by W. D. O'Connor, wherein the sobriquet of "the good gray poet" originated. The attorney-general's office proved more hospitable and Whitman was given a position there which he retained until 1873 when a stroke of paralysis made it necessary for him to retire to his brother's home in Camden, New Jersey. After a time he secured a little house of his own, on Mickle Street, where he lived out his remaining years, increasingly honored and recognized. He is buried in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden, in a tomb which he himself designed.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF. Born in East Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807; died in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 7, 1892. Whittier, one of the best beloved of our poets, belonged particularly to the people and came more directly from them than did his great New England contemporaries. Born of Quaker parentage in humble surroundings, he had little schooling and few books, but

read these to advantage and particularly the Bible which left a deep influence upon his work. He had not yet ventured to offer his wares to publishers, when his sister, having faith in his efforts, sent one of his poems to the "Newburyport Free Press," then edited by William Lloyd Garrison Not only did Garrison print the poem, but took the young author into his own family that he might attend the Haverhill Academy. The tuition for the winter's schooling was paid for by Whittier from money earned in making slippers. After leaving the Academy Whittier began to contribute to the press and soon made for himself a sufficiently important place that he edited successively the "American Manufacturer" of Boston, the "Haverhill Gazette," and "The New England Weekly Review" of Hartford, Connecticut. As early as 1833 he became identified with the anti-slavery cause and published at his own expense the pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency," one of the important pioneer documents of the abolition movement. From this period until the cause was won, Whittier did not cease to work toward its realization. Poems full of fiery enthusiasm for justice were constantly appearing in the papers with which he was connected, but these have died with the crisis which inspired them and Whittier himself did not regard them as having permanent value. Whittier served for a short time in the Massachusetts Legislature and closed his public work in 1840, after a three years' editorship of the "Pennsylvania Freeman." He was still but thirty-three years old, but delicate health compelled him to forego active life and he retired to Amesbury, Massachusetts. The remainder of his long life was spent either at Amesbury or Danvers, and the former home is now kept by the Whittier Association as a memorial of the poet. Retirement from public life by no means affected Whittier's productivity, but gave him leisure for his real work and over thirty books came from his hand in the half century of life still remaining to him. He excelled in ballad and narrative, as "Maud Muller," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," etc., attest; but his finest legacy to poetry is in two widely diverse moods, "The Eternal Goodness," written from his exquisite and beautiful faith, and "Ichabod," written after the apparent repudiation by Daniel Webster of the principles of abolition. In "Snowbound" he has given us not only a picture of winter unsurpassed in its faithfulness, but an idyl of New England rural life. Time has already sifted Whittier's offering but leaves a group of poems sure of their place in American literature and dear to the hearts of the people.

Wilcox, Ella Wheeler. Born in Johnstown Center,

Wisconsin, 185–. Educated at the University of Wisconsin. Married in 1884 to Robert M. Wilcox of Meriden, Connecticut. Mrs. Wilcox has for many years enjoyed a wide popularity with the people and there are few homes in America where her work is not known. She has been writing from earliest youth and has published a great many volumes of which the best known are "Poems of Passion," "Abélard and Héloïse," "Poems of Progress," "Poems of Power," and "Poems of Problems."

Willis, Nathaniel Parker. Born in Portland, Maine, 1806; died at "Idlewild," near Newburgh, New York, 1867. N. P. Willis was in his day a great influence in the journalistic world, several influential periodicals having been founded and edited by him. He inherited his journalistic talents, his father having founded "The Youth's Companion" and the "Boston Recorder," to both of which his son contributed verses and sketches. After graduation at Yale, where he won a prize for the best poem, Willis founded "The American Monthly Magazine," afterward called "The Mirror." Later he established "The Corsair," to which Thackeray contributed. His last journalistic venture was in company with G. P. Morris with whom he founded "The Home Journal," of which he was associate editor until his death.

Winter, William. Born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, 1836; died in New York City, June 30, 1917. Mr. Winter was through most of his long life, a dramatic critic, although he started public life as a lawyer. The lure of literature, however, was too strong for him and in 1859 he came to New York and cast in his lot with a struggling little band of writers who afterward became the prominent men of letters of their day. After a period of work for the "Saturday Press" and other papers, he became the dramatic critic of the "New York Tribune," a position which he continued to hold for forty years. He had a particular passion for Shakespearean drama and numbered among his close friends all the great Shakespearean actors of his day. Mr. Winter has been a voluminous writer both in dramatic criticism and poetry, varying these occupations with charming books of English travel and brief personal studies of his friends. The Jeffersons, Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, and others have been among the subjects of his delightful memoirs. His poetry is now in a complete edition.

Woodberry, George Edward. Born at Beverly, Massachusetts, May 12, 1855. Graduated from Harvard University in 1877. The degree of Litt.D. was conferred on him by Amherst College in 1905, and by Harvard University in 1911, and the degree of LL.D. by Western Reserve Uni-

versity in 1907. He was Professor of English at the University of Nebraska, 1877–78; also 1880–82, and was Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University 1891–1904. Professor Woodberry is one of the ablest critics and biographers in American literature as well as one of the finest poets. Among his best-known volumes of criticism are: "Studies in Letters and Life," "The Heart of Man," "Makers of Literature," "The Torch," "The Appreciation of Literature," and "The Inspiration of Poetry." In biography he has done admirable studies of Poe, Hawthorne, Shelley, Swinburne, Emerson, etc.; and in poetry he has published many volumes, of which the most representative are: "The North Shore Watch" (1890); "Wild Eden" (1900); "Poems" (1903); "The Kingdom of All Souls" (1912); "The Flight" (1914); and "Ideal Passion" (1917).